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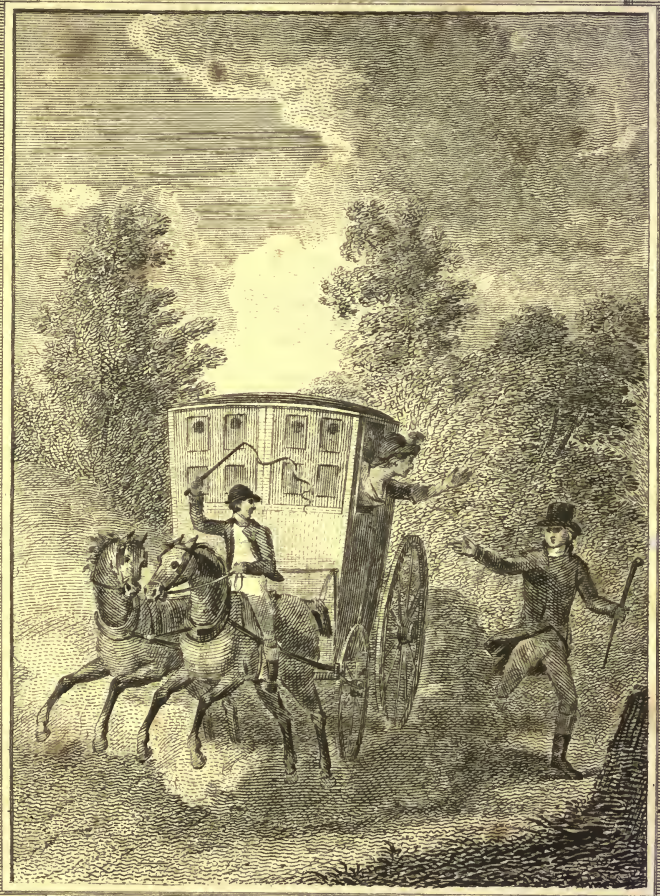
D. Shuffelbotham

Nov.r 30.th 1841.

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.



Mr. Burchell, rescuing Sophia.

Stanley del.

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Wilson Sc.

SELECT WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH:

COMPRISING THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,

A TALE;

ESSAYS AND POEMS;

WITH MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR;

INCLUDING

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

COMMUNICATED BY

THE REV. J. EVANS, LL. D.

Author of "The Juvenile Tourist," "The Geographical Grammar," "Sketch of all Religions," &c. &c.

LONDON:

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MEMOIRS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. D.

NOTWITHSTANDING the biography of poets is, in general, unentertaining, yet the life of our author, whose writings, both prosaic and poetical, have been always justly admired, is by no means destitute of incident, and must, to the admirers of his works, be highly acceptable.

Our author was born at Pallas, near Athlone in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, had a family of seven children consisting of five sons and two daughters. Of his eldest son, Henry, he had formed the most sanguine hopes, as he had distinguished himself both at school, and at college; but an imprudent marriage at the age of nineteen confined him to a curacy, and brought on an early family without any preferment in the church. Oliver was the second son, and born very unexpectedly after an interval of seven years from the birth of the preceding child. As the liberal education which their father was then bestowing upon his eldest son bore hard upon his scanty income, Oliver was destined for some mercantile employment. With this view, he was instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, by a schoolmaster in his father's village, who had been a quarter-master in the British army in Spain during the reign of Queen Anne. Having

ing travelled over a considerable part of Europe, and being of a romantic turn, he used to entertain his young pupil with his adventures; and the impression which the recital made upon Oliver was believed by his family to have produced that wandering and unsettled turn, which he afterwards manifested. From his earliest infancy, however, he was very different from the generality of children, and subject to particular humours. For the most part he was uncommonly serious and reserved, but when his spirits were elevated none could be more agreeable. At this early period he began to show signs of genius, which soon engaged the notice of the friends of his family, many of whom were in the church. At the age of seven or eight he discovered a natural turn for rhyming, and often amused his father and friends with his poetical attempts: even when he could scarce write legibly, he was always scribbling verses, which he burned as he wrote them. Observing his fondness for books, his mother, with whom he was always a favourite, pleaded with his father to give him a liberal education; but his own narrow circumstances, the expense attending the education of his eldest son, and his numerous family, were strong objections. Oliver, in the mean time, was placed under the Rev. Mr. Griffin, then schoolmaster of Elphin, and was received into the house of his father's brother, John Goldsmith, Esq. of Ballyoughter near that town, who with his family considered him as a prodigy for his age, and preserved, among others, the following instance of his early wit:—A large company of young people of both sexes being assembled one evening at his uncle's, Oliver, then but nine years old, was required to dance to a youth who was playing on the fiddle. Being very short and thick, and much disfigured by the small-pox, from which he had but just recovered, he was compared by the musician to Æsop dancing. He still kept harping on this idea, which he conceived to be very bright, when he had the laugh turned

turned suddenly against him by Oliver, who stopped short in the dance with this retort:

> Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
> See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.

This smart reply decided his fortune; for from that time it was determined to send him to the university, and some of his relations, who were respectable clergymen, kindly offered to contribute to the expence, particularly the Rev. Thomas Contarine, a gentleman of distinguished learning and good preferment, who had married Oliver's aunt. In prosecution of this plan, he was removed to the school of Athlone, about five miles from his father's house, and there remained for two years under the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who had the character of being an ingenious master; but upon his resignation on account of ill health Oliver was sent to the Rev. Mr. Hughes, at Edgeworthstown, to be prepared for the university.

In June, 1744, he was removed to the college of Dublin, and entered under the Rev. Mr. Wilder, one of the fellows, to whom, as he was the son of a neighbouring gentleman, the young pupil was particularly recommended. But he being a man of harsh temper and violent passions, and Oliver not less thoughtless and unguarded, they very soon disagreed. Oliver formed some acquaintance in the city of Dublin, and had the indiscretion to invite a company of youths of both sexes to partake of a supper, and dance in his rooms. This circumstance, unfortunately for him, reached the ears of his tutor, who abruptly entered in the midst of the gaiety, which he soon extinguished: for he not only proceeded to the highest excess of verbal abuse, but concluded with manual chastisement before all the company. The disgrace attending this savage treatment drove young Goldsmith to despair, and he determined never more to see any of his friends; but to remove to some other country, where, totally unknown, he might seek his fortune. He accordingly disposed of his books and clothes, and left

the college; but loitered about in Dublin till he had only a shilling left in his pocket, with which he set out on his travels, with the intention of going on ship-board at Cork, for any country to which chance might conduct him. On this shilling he supported himself, as he afterwards related, for three days, and then parting by degrees with the clothes off his back, was reduced to such extremity of famine, that after fasting twenty-four hours, he thought a handful of grey pease, given him by a girl at a wake, the most agreeable repast he had ever made. By this time he began to be sensible of his folly, and like the prodigal son, desirous of returning to his indulgent father. He was not now so far distant from his friends, but that he contrived to send to his brother, who came to him, clothed and carried him back to college, where he effected something of a reconciliation with his tutor; but, as may be easily imagined, they were never afterwards on cordial terms.

Soon after this event he lost his worthy father, whom he delineated in the *Citizen of the World*, under the character of the man in black. His uncle Contarine endeavoured to supply the loss, and wished his nephew to prepare for holy orders. Goldsmith, however, had no liking for the clerical profession, having always felt a strong inclination for visiting foreign countries; and when he did apply to the bishop, he was rejected, because he was too young. His uncle then procured him the situation of private tutor in the family of a neighbouring gentleman, whom he quitted in about a year, from aversion to the necessary confinement. Having saved in that time about thirty pounds, he bought a horse, and left that part of the country. After an absence of six weeks, his friends, who had heard nothing of him, concluded that he had quitted the kingdom; when he suddenly returned to his mother's house without a penny, on a poor little horse not worth twenty shillings. His friends, as might naturally be expected, were highly offended; but his brothers and sisters contrived to effect a reconciliation.

Being

Being required to account for the loss of his money and linen, and also of the horse on which he had departed, he told them, that he had been to Cork, where he had sold his horse, and paid the captain of a ship for his passage to America; but as the winds proved contrary for three weeks he had amused himself with a sight of every thing curious in and about that city; and the day the wind proved fair being engaged in an excursion into the country, his friend the captain set sail without him. He farther related that he continued at Cork till he had only two guineas left, out of which he had paid forty shillings for his hack; and, when he wished to return home, he had only the trifling difference to carry him a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

Relinquishing now his (or rather his friends') intentions respecting the church, he turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, he by the assistance of his uncle Contarine, to whose persevering kindness he always acknowledged himself greatly indebted, went to Edinburgh in 1751, and studied the several branches of medicine under the different professors in that university. During his continuance at the Scotch metropolis, he soon became conspicuous by his want of economy. He engaged to pay a sum for a fellow-student, when, probably, he could not pay his own debts; and was, in consequence of such rash promise, obliged to leave Scotland with precipitation. Thus terminated his studies with respect to the medical profession.

Notwithstanding his hasty flight, he did not escape the vigilance of his pursuers: at Sunderland, near Newcastle, he was arrested about the beginning of 1754, at the suit of one Barclay, a tailor of Edinburgh, to whom he had incautiously given security for his friend. At length, by the favour of Laughlin Maclane, Esq. and Dr. Sleigh, then his fellow-students at college, he was soon released from the clutches of the bailiff. Hereupon he took his passage, on board

board a Dutch ship, to Rotterdam, and proceeded to Leyden, where he resided about a year, and studied chemistry under Gaubius, and anatomy under Albinus. In this situation he endured many vicissitudes of fortune: for here he gave way to a fondness for gaming, which occasioned many of the hardships with which he had to struggle in his future life.

It may seem somewhat strange, that an individual, poor and pennyless, should think of seeing the world: but men of genius do not act by common rules—they spring forward beyond the usual line of conduct, and meditate deeds of a daring complexion. This was strictly the case with Goldsmith on the present occasion. Having pursued his studies awhile, he visited a large portion of Flanders. He next passed some time also in Strasburgh and Louvain, where he obtained a degree in medicine, and then accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva. In the greater part of these peregrinations he travelled on foot. He had some knowledge of the French language and of music; he played tolerably well on the German flute, which became a means of subsistence, though originally it was nothing more than an amusement. His learning and other attainments procured him an hospitable reception at the religious houses, and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. Hence he remarks—"Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night, I played my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging but subsistence for the next day." (See the character of the Vicar's son George, in the following piece.) At the same time, he honestly confesses that the higher ranks had not any taste for his music: "they" says he, "always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them!" This circumstance confirms the remark often made, that there is more real benevolence amongst the middling and lower classes of society. Were the music never so mean, a poor man at the

the door doing his utmost to amuse, ought to excite some degree of compassion—he is a proper object of generosity.

When Goldsmith arrived at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper person for a travelling tutor to a young man, who had been unexpectedly left a considerable sum of money by his uncle, Mr. S. This youth, who was articled to an attorney, on the receipt of his fortune, determined to see the world, and our poet accordingly accompanied him.

Goldsmith, during his continuance in Switzerland, considerably cultivated his poetical talents, of which he had given some ingenious specimens while at the college at Edinburgh. It was from hence he sent the first sketch of his delightful epistle, called "The Traveller," to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who giving up fame and fortune, had retired with an amiable wife to a happy obscurity, on an income of only 40l. per annum.

From Geneva he proceeded to the south of France, where a disagreement took place between him and his pupil, when the latter paid his preceptor the small part of his salary which was due, and embarked at Marseilles for England. Our wanderer, in spite of many difficulties, continued to travel, and saw the greatest part of France; at length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and in the year 1758, about the beginning of winter, landed in perfect safety at Dover.

On his return to England, his finances were so low (his whole stock of cash amounting to no more than a few halfpence,) that he with difficulty got to London; where, being an entire stranger, his mind was filled with the most gloomy reflections, in consequence of his embarrassed situation. He now applied to several apothecaries, to be received into their shops as a journeyman: but though a *Bachelor of Medicine*, his applications were unsuccessful; his broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, exposing him more to insult than pity. At length a chemist near Fish-street, struck with his forlorn condition, and the simplicity

simplicity of his manner, had compassion on him, and took him into his elaboratory, where he continued till the arrival of his old friend Dr. Sleigh, in London. "It was Sunday," said Goldsmith, "when I paid him a visit: and it is to be supposed, in my best clothes. Sleigh scarcely knew me; such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty. However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever; and he shared his purse and his friendship with me during his continuance in London."

Soon after this period, he was engaged to assist at the academy of Dr. John Milner, at Peckham, where he was treated with kindness and attention. He had, during his travels, attained a perfect knowledge of the Latin and French, which he now taught, and the latter he spoke with facility. Dr. John Milner published a Greek and Latin Grammar, which have been much esteemed by the literary world. He was a dissenting minister of eminence; and his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Samuel Chandler, well known for his able writings in behalf of Christianity. Dr. Milner died about the year 1760, and Dr. Goldsmith was employed by him as an usher near three years. He was not indeed with him at the time of his death; but so much was he respected by the widow and the family, that he was invited to return and take care of the seminary, which was continued some little time longer—with which request he complied. Dr. Goldsmith came to Peckham from Richardson, the celebrated novel-writer, at that period a printer near Blackfriars. Here he was occupied in correcting the press; and of Richardson and his family he always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude. He had also at that time some acquaintance with Dr. Griffiths, the venerable proprietor and editor of the Monthly Review, to which respectable publication he even then contributed articles of criticism. From this gentleman he received considerable patronage, and therefore to his kindness he often professed himself much indebted. The young gentlemen of the academy were always happy,

when

when they could get him on a winter's evening to tell them anecdotes, with which his mind was well stored. But, alas, he never was an economist. Out of his scanty salary of twenty pounds a year, he frequently gave to persons in distress—making a point of never sending a poor author away without half-a-crown! He had not a few of these latter applications; hence it was that he generally applied for his salary before it was due; and one day, upon an application of this kind to Mrs. Milner, she smiling said—"You had better, Mr. Goldsmith, let me keep your money for you, as I do for some of the young gentlemen;" to which he replied, with great good humour, "In truth, Madam, there is equal need," and pleasantly walked away. Upon his leaving Peckham, he subsisted on what his talents brought him as a writer, and having obtained some reputation by the criticisms he had written for the Monthly Review, he was engaged by Mr. Griffiths in the compilation of it. On his return to London, he had wisely resolved on an economical plan, and at the close of the year 1759, he took lodgings in Green Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, where he wrote several ingenious pieces. His first works were "the Bee," a weekly pamphlet, and "An Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe." Mr. Newbury, who at that time gave great encouragement to men of literary abilities, became our author's friend, and introduced him as one of the writers for the *Public Ledger*, in which his "Citizen of the World" originally appeared, under the title of "Chinese Letters." It is also said that he wrote for the *British Magazine* at this time, of which Dr. Smollett was then editor, most of those Essays and Tales, which he afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. He also wrote occasionally for the *Critical Review*; and it was the merit which he discovered in criticising a despicable translation of Ovid's Fasti, by a pedantic schoolmaster, and his "Enquiry into the Present State of Learning in Europe," which first introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollett, who recom-

mended him to several of the literati, and to most of the booksellers, by whom he was afterwards patronised.

Forgetting now his economical plan, he ventured on a genteeler lodging, and accordingly moved to Wine-Office Court, in Fleet-street, where he finished his inimitable novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield;" and having, through that common passport to the human heart, *flattery*, obtained the esteem of Dr. Johnson, our author obtained for his novel the sum of 60l. which far exceeded his expectations, as he himself candidly acknowledged. Goldsmith's reputation not being yet established as a writer, the bookseller was doubtful of the success of the novel, and before he hazarded paper and printing, waited the event of "The Traveller," after which the novel appeared to great advantage. It was in the year 1765, that Dr. Goldsmith produced his poem of "The Traveller," which obtained the commendation of Dr. Johnson, who candidly acknowledged, "that there had not been so fine a poem since the time of Pope." But such was his diffidence, that he kept the manuscript by him some years; nor could he be prevailed on to publish it, till persuaded by Dr. Johnson, who furnished him with some ideas for its enlargement.

This poem, in consequence of the reception it met with from the public, enhanced his literary character with the booksellers, and introduced him to the notice of several persons eminent for their rank and superior talents, as Lord Nugent, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerk, Mr. Dyer, &c. These distinguished characters were entertained with his conversation, and highly pleased with his blunders; at the same time they admired the elegance of his poems, and the simplicity of the man. He published, the same year, a "Collection of Essays," which had previously appeared in the newspapers, magazines, and other periodical publications. But the "Vicar of Wakefield," published in 1766, established his reputation as a novelist.

Among many other characters of distinction, who were desirous

desirous to know our author, was the Duke of Northumberland; and the circumstance that attended his introduction to that nobleman, is worthy of being related, in order to show a striking trait of his character. "I was invited," says the Doctor, "by my friend Percy, to wait upon the duke, in consequence of the satisfaction he had received from the perusal of one of my productions. I dressed myself in the best manner I could, and after studying some compliments I thought necessary on such an occasion, proceeded to Northumberland-house, and acquainted the servants that I had particular business with his grace. They showed me into an antichamber, where, after waiting some time, a gentleman, very elegantly dressed, made his appearance. Taking him for the duke, I delivered all the fine things I had composed, in order to compliment him on the honour he had done me; when, to my great astonishment, he told me I had mistaken him for his master, who would see me immediately. At that instant the Duke came into the apartment; and I was so confounded on the occasion, that I wanted words barely sufficient to express the sense I entertained of the duke's politeness, and went away exceedingly chagrined at the blunder I had committed."

The doctor, at the time of this visit, was much embarrassed in his circumstances; but, vain of the honour done him, was continually mentioning it. One of those ingenious executors of the law, a bailiff, who had a writ against him, determined to turn this circumstance to his own advantage. He wrote him a letter, that he was steward to a nobleman who was charmed with reading his last production, and had ordered him to desire the doctor to appoint a place where he might have the honour of meeting him, to conduct him to his lordship. The vanity of poor Goldsmith immediately swallowed the bait: he appointed the British Coffee-house, to which he was accompanied by his friend Mr. Hamilton, the printer of the Critical Review, who in vain remonstrated on the singularity of the application. On

entering the coffee-room, the bailiff paid his respects to the Doctor, and desired that he might have the honour of immediately attending him. They had scarce entered Pall-Mall, in their way to his lordship, when the bailiff produced his writ. Mr. Hamilton generously paid the money, and redeemed the doctor from captivity.

As our author's disposition could not keep pace with his economical resolution, soon after the publication of his "Traveller," he changed his lodgings in Wine-Office Court, for a set of chambers of the Inner Temple; and at the same time, in conjunction with Mr. Bott, a literary friend, took a country-house on the Edgeware Road, for the benefit of the air, and the convenience of retirement. He gave this little mansion the jocular appellation of the *Shoemaker's Paradise,* being built in a fantastic style by its original possessor, who was one of the craft.

In this rural retirement he wrote his "History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son;" and as an incontestible proof of the merit of this production, it was generally supposed to have come from the pen of Lord Lyttleton, one of the most elegant writers of his time; and it may be farther observed, to enhance the reputation of the work, that it was never disavowed by that noble lord to any of his most intimate friends. It had a very extensive sale, and was introduced into many seminaries of learning as a most useful guide to the study of English history.

It was a true observation with the doctor, that "of all his compilations, his 'Selections of English Poetry,' showed the most art of the profession." To furnish copy for this work, it required no invention, and but little thought: he had only to mark with a pencil the particular passages for the printer, so that he easily acquired two hundred pounds; but then he observed, lest the premium should be deemed more than a compensation for the labour, "that a man

man shows his judgment in those selections; and he may be often twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment."

In 1768 he commenced dramatist, having produced his comedy of "The Good-natured Man," first acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, but which, though it exhibited strong marks of genius, and keen observations on men and manners, did not at first meet with that applause which was due to its merit. The bailiff scene was generally reprobated, though the characters were well drawn; however, to comply with the taste of the town, the scene was afterwards greatly abridged. Many parts were highly applauded, as possessing great comic genius, and particularly that of *Croaker*; a character truly original, excellently conceived by the author, and highly supported by Shuter, the most popular comedian of his day. The manner of his reading the incendiary letter in the fourth act, and the expression of the different passions by which he was agitated, produced shouts of applause. Goldsmith himself was so transported with the acting of Shuter, that he expressed his gratitude to him before the whole company, assuring him, "he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of his colouring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house." Dr. Johnson, as a token of his friendship for the author, wrote the prologue. In the character of the *Good-natured Man*, our author delineated his own, and it must be confessed that the picture was very just.

The emoluments arising from this comedy, including copy-right, and his three nights, were about five hundred pounds, by which, with an additional sum he had reserved out of the product of a "Roman History," in 2 vols. 8vo. and an "History of England," 4 vols. 8vo. he was enabled to descend from the attic story he occupied in the Inner Temple, and take possession of a spacious set of chambers in Brook Court, Middle Temple, which he purchased at no less a sum than four hundred pounds, and was at the farther

farther charge of furnishing those chambers in an elegant manner.

Notwithstanding this elevation, his pride was hurt by the severe criticisms of the day, and by the greater success of Mr. Kelly's comedy, called "False Delicacy," which was brought out in opposition to his, at the rival theatre, under the superintendance of Mr. Garrick, and, though inferior to Dr. Goldsmith's, in point of character, plot, and incident, bore away the palm, and became so popular a piece, that ten thousand copies were sold in the course of only one season; when the booksellers, concerned in the property, as a token of their acknowledgment of the merit of the comedy, apparent from its extraordinary sale, presented Kelly with a piece of plate of considerable value, and gave an elegant entertainment to him and his friends. These circumstances irritated the feelings of Goldsmith to so violent a degree, as to dissolve the bonds of friendship between Kelly and him; for though, in every other instance, he bore a near resemblance to his own character of the Good-natured Man, yet, in literary fame he "could bear no rival near his throne." Had not his countryman and fellow bard aspired at rivalship, had he been modestly content to move in a humbler sphere, he might not only have retained his friendship, but commanded his purse; but he could not bear a rival in his dramatic pursuits; and, however this may appear to ordinary readers, as no pleasing characteristic of a *good-natured* man—yet the same age produced another example, and GARRICK, we find, was no less envious of the success of others than Dr. Goldsmith. Our author's mortification chiefly arose from the severe criticisms of partial critics, who, in conformity with the taste of those times, gave the preference to *sentimental* comedy; notwithstanding Dr. Goldsmith's piece was as much superior to Mr. Kelly's as "The School for Scandal" is to "The Heiress."

Thus disappointed in fame, he returned to his poetical studies, and produced a highly-finished poem, called "The

Deserted

Deserted Village." The booksellers gave him a note of an hundred guineas for the copy, which Goldsmith returned, saying to a friend, "It is too much; it is more than the honest bookseller can afford, or the piece is worth." He estimated the value according to the following computation: "That it was near five shillings a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or, indeed, any modern poetry was worth; but the sale was so rapid, that the bookseller, with the greatest pleasure, soon paid him the hundred guineas, with an acknowledgment for the generosity he had evinced upon the occasion.

This poem was by no means a hasty production; it occupied two years in composing; and was the effect of the most minute observation, during an excursion of between four and five years. Soon after the appearance of this work, he paid a tribute to the merit of Dr. Parnell, in a Life prefixed to a new edition of that elegant writer's "Poems on several Occasions;" a work that does honour to the head and heart of the author.

Though Dr. Goldsmith seems to have derived more fame from his poems, yet he was conscious that prose was more productive, and therefore pursued the latter. The Earl of Lisburne, whose classical taste is well known, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to the doctor his neglecting the Muses, and enquired of him why he forsook poetry, in which he was sure of charming his readers, to compile histories and write novels? The doctor replied, "My lord, by courting the Muses I shall starve; but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life."

He now resumed his dramatic pen, and with greater success than before; his comedy of "She stoops to Conquer, or, The Mistakes of a Night," having been performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, with universal applause, adequate to the author's most sanguine wishes, and contrary to the expectations of the elder Colman, then manager

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of that theatre. This gentleman, knowing that sentimental comedy was the rage, and conceiving this to be too farcical, had consigned it to condemnation at the time of its last rehearsal, and the *manager's opinion* consequently became that of the performers. The piece, however, notwithstanding the sentence pronounced by that acknowledged critic, was received with great applause, to his mortification, and the exultation of the author, who was not a little piqued at the critic from the following circumstance.

The first night of the performance of his comedy, Goldsmith did not come to the house till it approached the close, having been ruminating in St. James's Park, on the very important decision of the fate of his piece then pending; and such were his anxiety and apprehension of its failure, that he was with great difficulty prevailed on to repair to the theatre, on the suggestion of a friend, who pointed out the necessity of his presence, in order to take cognizance of any passages that might appear objectionable, for the purpose of omission or alteration in the repetition of the performance. Our author, with an expectation suspended between hope and fear, had no sooner entered the passage that leads to the stage, than his ears were shocked at a hiss, which proceeded from the audience, as a token of their disapprobation of the farcical supposition of Mrs. Hardcastle's being so palpably deluded, as to conceive herself at the distance of fifty miles from her house, when she was not at the distance of fifty-yards. Such were the tremor and agitation of the doctor on this unwelcome salute, that, running up to the manager, he exclaimed, "What's that?"—"Pshaw! doctor," replied Colman, in a sarcastic tone, "don't be terrified at *squibs*, when we have been sitting these two hours upon a barrel of *gunpowder*." Goldsmith's pride was so hurt by the poignancy of this remark, that the friendship which had before subsisted between the manager and the author was dissolved for life.

The success of the comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer," produced,

produced a most illiberal personal attack on the author in one of the public prints. Enraged at this abusive publication, Dr. Goldsmith repaired to the house of the publisher, and, after remonstrating on the malignity of this attack on his character, began to apply his cane to the shoulders of the publisher, who, making a powerful resistance, from being the defensive soon became the offensive combatant. Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in a private room of the publisher's, hearing a noise in the shop, came in, put an end to the fight, and conveyed the doctor to a coach. The papers instantly teemed with fresh abuse, on the impropriety of the doctor's attempting to beat a person in his own house, on which, in the Daily Advertiser, of Wednesday, March 31, 1773, he inserted the following address:

'TO THE PUBLIC.

'Lest it may be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that, in all my life, I never wrote, or dictated, a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

'I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of protecting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from

fear; till, at last, every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

'How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction.—The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing: by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal address, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification, by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom. 'OLIVER GOLDSMITH.'

The emolument arising from this comedy was about 800*l.* which, added to the profits of his other labours, amounted, as is asserted upon good authority, to 1800l.; but, through a profuse liberality to indigent authors, and particularly those of his own country, who played on his credulity, together with the effects of an habit he had contracted for gaming, he found himself, at the close of that very year, not in a state of enjoyment or a pleasing prospect before him, but enveloped in the gloom of despondency, and all the perplexities of debt, accumulated by his own indiscretion.

It is remarkable, that, about this time, our author altered his mode of address; he rejected the title of doctor, and assumed that of plain Mr. Goldsmith. This innovation has been attributed to various causes. Some supposed he then formed a resolution never to engage as a practical professor in the healing art; others imagined that he conceived the

the important appellation of Doctor, and the grave deportment attached to the character, incompatible with the man of fashion, to which he had the vanity to aspire; but, whatever might be his motive, he could not throw off the title, which the world imposed on him to the day of his death, and which is annexed to his memory at the present day; though he never obtained a degree superior to that of *Bachelor of Physic*.

Though Goldsmith was indiscreet, he was, at the same time, industrious; and, though his genius was lively and fertile, he frequently submitted to the dull task of compilation. He had previously written Histories of England, Greece, and Rome; and afterwards undertook, and finished, a work, entitled, "An History of the Earth and Animated Nature;" but, if a judgment may be formed of this work from the opinion of the learned, it redounded more to his emolument than his reputation.

His last production, "Retaliation," though not intended for public view, but merely his own private amusement, and that of a few particular friends, exhibits strong marks of genuine humour. It originated from some jokes of festive merriment on the author's person and dialect, in a club of literary friends, where good-nature was sometimes sacrificed at the shrine of wit and sarcasm; and as Goldsmith could not disguise his feelings upon the occasion, he was called upon for *Retaliation*, which he produced at the very next club meeting.

It may not be so accurate as his other poetical productions, as he did not revise it, or live to finish it in the manner he intended; yet high eulogiums have been passed on it by some of the first characters in the learned world, and it has obtained a place in most of the editions of the English Poets.

A short time before he paid the debt of nature, he had formed a design of compiling an Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, and had printed, and distributed amongst his

his friends and acquaintance, a prospectus of the work; but as he received very little encouragement from the booksellers, he desisted, though reluctantly, from his design.

He had been frequently attacked, for some years, with a stranguary, and the embarrassed state of his affairs aggravated the violence of the disorder, which, with the agitation of his mind, brought on a nervous fever, that operated in so great a degree, that he exhibited signs of despair, and even a disgust with life itself.

Finding his disorder rapidly increase, he sent for Mr. Hawes, his apothecary, as well as intimate friend, to whom he related the symptoms of his malady. He told him he had taken two ounces of ipecacuanha wine as an emetic; and expressed a great desire of making trial of Dr. James's fever powders, which he desired him to send him. The apothecary represented to his patient the impropriety of taking the medicine at that time; but no argument could prevail with him to relinquish his intention; so that Mr. Hawes, apprehensive of the fatal consequences of his putting this rash resolve into execution, in order to divert him from it, requested permission to send for Dr. Fordyce, who attended immediately on receiving the message.

This gentleman, of whose medical abilities Goldsmith always expressed the highest sense, corroborated the opinion of the apothecary, and used every argument to dissuade him from taking the powders; but, deaf to all the remonstrances of his physician and friend, he fatally persisted in his resolution; and when the physician visited him the following day, and inquired of him how he did, he fetched a deep sigh, and said, in a dejected tone, "He wished he had taken his friendly advice last night."

The doctor, alarmed at the dangerous symptoms which the disorder indicated, thought it necessary to call in the advice of another physician; and accordingly proposed sending for Doctor Turton, of whom he knew Goldsmith had a great opinion. The proposal was acceded to; a servant

vant was immediately dispatched with a message; and, on his arrival, the two doctors assisted at a consultation, which they continued regularly every day, till the disorder put a period to the existence of their patient, on the 4th day of April, 1774, in the 45th year of his age.

His friends, who were very numerous and respectable, had determined to bury him in Westminster Abbey: his pall was to have been supported by Lord Shelbourne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Honourable Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but, from some unaccountable circumstances, this design was dropped; and his remains were privately deposited in the Temple burial ground, on Saturday, the 9th of April; when Mr. Hugh Kelly, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen who had been his friends in life, attended his corpse as mourners, and paid the last tribute to his memory.

A subscription, however, was afterwards raised by his friends, to defray the expense of a marble monument, which was placed in Westminster-abbey, between Gay's monument and the Duke of Argyle's, in the Poet's Corner, with the following Latin inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson:—

OLIVARI GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit,
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit,
Sive Risus essent movendi
Sive Lachrymæ.
Affectuum potens et lenis Dominator
Ingenio sublimis—vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus—venustus,
Hoc Monumentum Memoriam coluit
Sodalium Amor,
Amicorum Fides,
Lectorum Veneratio.

Natus

Natus Hibernia Comitatus Longfordiensis
In Loco cui Nomen Pallas
Nov. xxix. MDCCXXIX.
Eblanæ Literis institutus
Obiit Londini
April iv. MDCCLXXIV.

TRANSLATION.

This Monument is raised to the Memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Poet, Natural Philosopher, and
Historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched,
or
Unadorned by his Pen,
Whether to move laughter,
Or draw tears:
He was a powerful master
Over the affections,
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject:
In expression at once noble,
Pure, and delicate.
His memory will last
As long as society retains affection,
Friendship is not void of honour,
And reading wants not her admirers.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland
In the county of Longford,
In a place called Pallas,
29th Nov. 1729.
He was educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

As to his character, it is strongly illustrated by Mr. Pope's line,

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."

We

We insert the following lines, in verse and prose, written by a friend immediately after his death, as they were deemed faithful transcripts of his character:

Here rests, from the cares of the world and his pen,
A poet whose like we shall scarce meet again;
Who, though form'd in an age when corruption ran high,
And folly alone seem'd with folly to vie;
When genius, with traffic too commonly train'd,
Recounted her merits by what she had gain'd;
Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and pelf,
And in poverty's spite dar'd to think for himself.
Thus freed from those fetters the muses oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind;
And such was the prevalent force of his song,
Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.
The lovers—'twas theirs to esteem and commend,
For his Hermit had proved him their tutor and friend;
The statesman, his politic passions on fire,
Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of his lyre.
The moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his Essays were curbs on the rage of the times;
Nay, the critic, all school'd in grammatical sense,
Who look'd in the glow of description for tense,
Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confess'd by his eyes what he felt in his heart.

Yet, blest with original powers like these,
His principal force was on paper to please;
Like a fleet-footed hunter, though first in the chace,
On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd his pace;
Whilst dullness and cunning, by whipping and goring,
Their hard-footed hackneys paraded before him;
Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts.

So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
His flux of philanthropy quickly stood still;
Transform'd from himself, he grew meanly severe,
And rail'd at those talents he ought not to fear.

Such

Such then were his foibles; but though they were such
As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
The style was all graceful, expressive, and grand,
And the whole the result of a masterly hand.

The prosaic eulogium which follows, does the highest honour to his character, both literary and personal:

"In an age when genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of virtue, as well as its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary.

"Early compelled (like many of the greatest men) into the service of the Muses, he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct; but, knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of *fiction*, than to set off the dignity of *truth;* and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp him no less the man of genius, than the universal friend of mankind.

"Such is the outline of his poetical character, which, perhaps, will be remembered, whilst the first rate poets of this country have any monuments left them. But, alas! his noble and immortal part, the good man, is only consigned to the short-liv'd memory of those who are left to lament his death.

"Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every pursuit of it; warm in his friendship, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence, "the very milk of human nature." Nay, even his foibles, and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to simplify than degrade his understanding; for, though there may be many instances adduced, to prove he was *no man of the world*, most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart. One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming a principal part of the happiness

piness of his life, pays this last sincere and grateful tribute to his memory."

To so high a degree of literary fame did Goldsmith arrive, that the product of his writings in general is said to have amounted, in the course of fourteen years, to more than eight thousand pounds; but this sum was dissipated by an improvident liberality, without discrimination of objects, and other foibles incidental to mankind, which our author could not see in himself; or, if he could see, wanted resolution to correct. But with these foibles he possessed many virtues, and those particularly of humanity and benevolence, which disposed him to do all the good in his power; so that he lived respected, and died lamented.

As to his person, he was of a middle stature, fair complexion, wore a large wig, slovenly in his dress, but possessing a benevolent countenance and a cheerful demeanor. If he thought any one slighted him, or used him ill, it occasioned a great dejection; but otherwise he was a most charming companion. He played frequently, though indifferently, on the German flute. In his conversation he discovered a very general acquaintance with books, and had a thorough knowledge of the customs and manners of mankind. In his diet he was very temperate—in his behaviour unassuming.

He was, however, the easy dupe of any plausible pretext, and, upon occasions, showed much vanity and folly. He was very fond of cards, and belonged to a card club, which always kept him extremely poor, though he was continually receiving very large supplies for the productions of his pen. Among his intimate friends, it was customary for him to exclaim, "I know that I can play the game of whist better than any other person belonging to the club, and yet I always lose." When the production of any other author pleased him, the highest encomium he could pass upon it was thus expressed, "In truth, it is very excellent; I should

not have been ashamed of having been the author of this myself."

In the winter of 1773, he ordered a coach from Covent Garden Piazza to the Devil Tavern, at Temple-Bar, at which place a weekly club was then held by the literati of the day: when the doctor was set down, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and, being rather an absent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling: the doctor repaired to the club-room; the coachman drove away. Being called upon for a subscription, the doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he imagined was a guinea: he soon perceived the mistake, and related the circumstance to the club. The company laughed, and the doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain. In the following week, when the club was full, and the doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word that a hackney-coachman wanted to speak to him. After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had driven him the preceding week. "I have brought your guinea back," said the coachman; "I knew your honour made a mistake: now some scoundrels would have pocketed the money, and have said nothing at all about the matter; but that's not my way, your honour; I thank God, if so be I'm poor, I'm honest; it wears well, as a body may say."—"My dear friend," exclaimed the doctor, "I honour and admire your principle; you will please to wait here a few minutes." Upon which the doctor marched up stairs, and told the story with all those rapturous blandishments which a poetic mind, on such an occasion, will beget in a good heart. He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of life. It was generally complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings. The good, but credulous

credulous man, ran with the collection to the descendant of Phaeton, poured it into his hat, and, after affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable and sublime satisfaction which every man feels after the performance of a good action: he entered the room with triumph; his friends welcomed him with a peal of laughter—alas! it was at the doctor's expense!—The guinea which the rascal had pretended to return was a—*counterfeit!*

Mr. Boswell, in the Life of Dr. Johnson, gives us the following description:—"The person of Goldsmith was short; his countenance coarse and vulgar; his deportment that of a scholar, awkwardly affecting the complete gentleman. No man had the heart of displaying, with more advantage, whatever literary acquisitions he made. His mind resembled a fertile but thin soil; there was a quick but not a strong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated, and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation. In allusion to this, Mr. Horatio Walpole, who admired his writings, said, he was 'an inspired ideot;' and Garrick describes him as one—

—for shortness call'd Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor Poll.

"But, in reality, these descriptions are generally exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas, which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes introduces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*, and, from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without any knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. Those who were any ways distinguished excited

envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. He, I am told, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be too strictly criticised; but his affections were social and generous: and, when he had money, he bestowed it liberally. His desires of imaginary consequence frequently predominated over his attention to truth.

"His prose has been admitted as the model of perfection, and the standard of the English language. Dr. Johnson says, 'Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he seemed to excel in whatever he attempted; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and generally without confusion; whose language was capacious without exuberance; exact without restraint, and easy without weakness.'"

His merit, as a poet, is universally acknowledged. His writings partake rather of the elegance and harmony of Pope than the grandeur and sublimity of Milton; and it is to be lamented that his poetical productions are not more numerous; for, though his ideas flowed rapidly, he arranged them with great caution, and occupied much time in polishing his periods, and harmonizing his numbers.

His most favourite poems are "The Traveller," "Deserted Village," "Hermit," and "Retaliation." These productions may justly be ranked with the most admired works in English poetry.

"The Traveller" delights us with the display of charming imagery, refined ideas, and happy expressions. The characteristics of the different nations are strongly marked, and the predilection of each inhabitant in favour of his own ingeniously described.

"The Deserted Village" is generally admired; the characters are drawn from the life. The descriptions are lively and picturesque; and the whole appears so easy and natural, as to bear the semblance of historical truth more than poetical

poetical fiction. The description of the parish priest (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet of any age. In this description, the simile of the bird teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that rises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled. The rest of the poem consists of the character of the village school-master, and a description of the village ale-house, both drawn with admirable propriety and force; a descant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the variety of artificial pleasures; the miseries of those who, for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad; and concludes with a beautiful apostrophe to Poetry.

"The Hermit" holds equal estimation with the rest of his poetical productions.

His last poem of "Retaliation' is replete with humour, free from spleen, and forcibly exhibits the prominent features of the several characters to which it alludes. Dr. Johnson, as recorded by Mr. Boswell, sums up his literary character in the following concise manner. "Take him (Goldsmith) as a poet, his 'Traveller' is a very fine performance; and so is his 'Deserted Village,' were it not sometimes too much the echo of his 'Traveller.' Whether we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class."

The most admired of his prosaic writings are the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Essays," "Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," and the "Life of Parnell."

With respect to the "Vicar of Wakefield," it is certainly a composition which has justly merited the applause of all discerning persons, as one of the best novels in the English language. The diction is chaste, correct, and elegant; the characters are drawn to the life; and the scenes it exhibits are ingeniously variegated with humour and sentiment. The hero of the piece displays the most shining virtues that can adorn

adorn relative and social life; sincere in his professions, humane and generous in his disposition, he is himself a pattern of the character he represents, enforcing that excellent maxim, "that example is more powerful than precept." His wife is drawn as possessing many laudable qualifications; and her prevailing passion for external parade is an inoffensive foible, calculated rather to excite our mirth than incur our censure. The character of Olivia, the Vicar's elder daughter, is contrasted with that of Sophia, the younger; the one being represented as of a disposition gay and volatile, the other as rather grave and steady; though neither of them seems to have indulged their peculiar propensity beyond the bounds of moderation.

Upon a review of this excellent production, it may be truly said, that it inculcates the purest lessons of morality and virtue, free from the rigid laws of Stoicism, and adapted to attract the esteem and observation of every ingenuous mind. It excites not a thought that can be injurious to its tendency, nor breathes an idea that can offend the chastest ear; or, as it has been expressed, the language is such as "angels might have heard, and virgins told." The writer who suggested this pleasing idea observes, further, "that if we do not always admire his knowledge or extensive philosophy, we feel the benevolence of his heart, and are charmed with the purity of its principles. If we do not follow, with awful reverence, the majesty of his reason, or the dignity of the long-extended period, we at least catch a pleasing sentiment in a natural and unaffected style."

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAP. I.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However,

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situate in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo: all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger to visit us, to taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claim of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table: so that if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of,

upon

upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtsey. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently

consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, 'Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the 'whole country.' 'Ay, neighbour,' she would answer, 'they are as Heaven made them—handsome 'enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is, 'that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution;

cution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please: Sophia even represt excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquet into a prude, and a new set of ribbands has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

The vicar avows himself a strict monogamist.

CHAP. II.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES. THE LOSS OF FORTUNE ONLY SERVES TO INCREASE THE PRIDE OF THE WORTHY.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the batchelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield—a person wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which

which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not like me made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles; as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, œconomy, and obedience, till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not

averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country-dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw duce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire

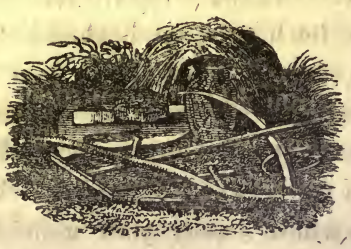
sire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object—the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish, in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece, both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but, not till too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides; he asserted that I was heterodox: I retorted the charge; he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. 'How,' cried I, 'relinquish the cause 'of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven 'to the very verge of absurdity. You might as well 'advise me to give up my fortune as my argument.' 'Your fortune,' returned my friend, 'I am now sor-'ry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant 'in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, 'has gone off, to avoid a state of bankruptcy, and 'is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I

'was

'was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding: but now it may serve 'to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I 'suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity 'of dissembling, at least till your son has the young 'lady's fortune secure.' 'Well,' returned I, 'if that 'you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it 'shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disa-'vow my principles. I'll go this moment, and inform 'the company of my circumstances: and as for the 'argument, I even here retract my former concessions 'in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him 'now to be an husband, in any sense of the expres-'sion.'

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families, when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence—too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.



CHAP.

He accepts of a small cure.

CHAP. III.

A MIGRATION. THE FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR LIVES ARE GENERALLY FOUND AT LAST TO BE OF OUR OWN PROCURING.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrance of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary, by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that

aspiring

aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. 'You cannot be ignorant, my children,' cried I, 'that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendors with which numbers are wretched, and seek, in humbler circumstances, that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why then should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.'

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. 'You are going, my boy,' cried I, 'to London on foot, in the manner 'Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before 'you. Take from me the same horse that was given 'him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff, and take 'this book too, it will be your comfort on the way:

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The vicar and his family change their place of residence.

'these two lines in it are worth a million—*I have been* '*young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righte-* '*ous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.* 'Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, 'my boy, whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee 'once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell.' As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension, and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shewn a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no vir-

tue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been for two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. 'Want mo-'ney!' replied the host, 'that must be impossible; for 'it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas 'to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that 'was to be whipped through the town for dog steal-'ing.' The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern for the stranger, at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. 'I take it with all my heart, 'Sir,' replied he, 'and am glad that a late oversight,

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He accompanies them on their journey.

'in giving what money I had about me, has shewn me' 'that there are still some men like you. I must, how-' 'ever, previously intreat being informed of the name' 'and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay' 'him as soon as possible.' In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. 'This, cried he, 'happens still more lucky than I hoped for, 'as I am going the same way myself, having been de-' 'tained here two days by the floods, which, I hope,' 'by to-morrow will be found passable.' I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in intreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire, and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road side, observing with a smile, that as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats be-

Description of a character improvidently generous.

longed that lay in our view as we travelled the road. 'That,' cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, 'belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, 'though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, 'Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who, content 'with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the 'rest, and chiefly resides in town.' 'What!' cried I, 'is my young landlord then the nephew of a man 'whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so 'universally known? I have heard Sir William 'Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, 'yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence.' 'Something, perhaps, too 'much so,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'at least he carried 'benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they all were upon the 'side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. 'He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar; was soon distinguished in the 'army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such 'alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was 'surrounded with crowds, who shewed him only one 'side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He 'loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from 'knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us 'of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: 'what some have thus suffered in their persons, this 'gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, 'whether

Sequel of the description.

'whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, 'and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the 'miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will 'be easily conjectured, he found numbers disposed to 'solicit: his profusions began to impair his fortune, 'but not his good nature; that, indeed, was seen to 'increase as the other seemed to decay: he grew im-'provident as he grew poor; and though he talked 'like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. 'Still however, being surrounded with importunity, 'and no longer able to satisfy every request that was 'made him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They 'were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution 'enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this 'he drew round him crowds of dependants whom he 'was sure to disappoint; yet wished to relieve. These 'hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited 'reproaches and contempt. But in proportion as he 'became contemptible to others, he became despica-'ble to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adu-'lation, and that support taken away, he could find 'no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had 'never learned to reverence. The world now began 'to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends 'began to dwindle into simple approbation. Appro-'bation soon took the more friendly form of advice; 'and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. 'He now, therefore, found that such friends as bene-'fits had gathered round him, were little estimable; 'he now found that a man's own heart must be ever 'given to gain that of another. I now found, that— 'that—I forgot what I was going to observe: in

short,

'short, Sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid 'down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For 'this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he tra- 'velled through Europe on foot, and now, though he 'has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstan- 'ces are more affluent than ever. At present his boun- 'ties are more rational and moderate than before; but 'still he preserves the character of an humourist, and 'finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues.'

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family; when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described; she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different

part

part of the country, he took leave; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as our's, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAP. IV.

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY GRANT HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS NOT ON CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT CONSTITUTION.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine-morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts

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Account of the vicar's new place of residence.

on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their fine clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor; a feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before: on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and edge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments—one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner: by sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously

viously kindled by the servant; after we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labour after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family; where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests; sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry-wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery,

He reproves his daughters for their attachment to gaudy attire.

which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribbands, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. 'Surely, my dear, you jest, cried my wife, 'we can walk it perfectly well: we 'want no coach to carry us now.' 'You mistake, 'child,' returned I, 'we do want a coach; for if we 'walk to church in this trim, the very children in the 'parish will hoot after us.'—'Indeed,' replied my wife, 'I always imagined that my Charles was fond of 'seeing his children neat and handsome about him.'—

'You

His family benefited by the remonstrance.

'You may be as neat as you please,' interrupted I, 'and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is 'not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings, and 'pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated 'by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my chil-'dren,' continued I, more gravely, 'those gowns may 'be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery 'is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of 'decency. I do not know whether such flouncing 'and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we 'consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the 'nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from 'the trimmings of the vain.'

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones: and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

Occasional banquets of the family in the open air.

CHAP. V.

A NEW AND GREAT ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED. WHAT WE PLACE MOST HOPES UPON GENERALLY PROVES MOST FATAL.

At a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat, overshaded by an hedge of hawthorn and honey-suckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too, we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures; every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that

They have an interview with their landlord.

that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprize, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopt short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As

I did

Great familiarity of the family with the landlord.

I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintance, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a cheerful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtsey. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him: my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at: my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave: but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit; for she had know even

stranger

stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither, nor why Mr. Simkins got the ten thousand pounds prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. 'I protest, 'Charles,' cried my wife, 'this is the way you al-'ways damp my girls and me, when we are in spirits. '—Tell me, Soph, my dear, what do you think of 'our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be 'good-natured?'—'Immensely so, indeed, mamma,' replied she; 'I think he has a great deal to say upon 'every thing, and is never at a loss; and the more 'trifling the subject, the more he has to say.'—'Yes,' 'cried Olivia, 'he is well enough for a man; but for 'my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely 'impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking.' These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him. 'Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children,' cried I, 'to confess a truth, he has not prepossessed me in 'his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever termi-'nate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all 'his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the dis-'tance between us. Let us keep to companions of 'our own rank. There is no character more con-'temptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and 'I can see no reason why fortune hunting women

'should

'should not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we 'shall be contemptible if his views are honourable; but 'if they be otherwise! I should shudder but to think 'of that! It is true, I have no apprehensions from 'the conduct of my children, but I think there are 'some from his character.' I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the centinel.

CHAP. VI.

THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY FIRE SIDE.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. 'I am sorry,' cried I, 'that we 'have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this 'good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double re-'lish from hospitality.'—'Bless me,' cried my wife, 'here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved 'our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.

'gument.'—'Confute me in argument, child!' cried I, 'you mistake there, my dear. I believe there are 'but few that can do that: I never dispute your abili-'ties at making a goose-pye, and I beg you'll leave 'argument to me.' As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons; because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories: and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread, or an half-penny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her goose-berry-wine. The tale went round; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grizzle, the Adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger: all our

Marked attention paid by Mr. Burchell to Sophia.

beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. 'And I,' cried Bill, 'will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my 'sisters will take me to theirs.'—'Well done, my good 'children,' cried I, 'hospitality is one of the first Chris-'tian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the 'bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find 'refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stran-'ger in this world was He that came to save it: He ne-'ver had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality 'was left remaining amongst us.—Deborah, my dear,' cried I to my wife, 'give those boys a lump of sugar 'each; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke 'first.'

In the morning early, I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly: we turned the swarth to the wind, I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited, as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that

night

night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. 'What 'a strong instance,' said I, 'is that poor man, of the 'miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! 'He by no means wants sense, which only serves to 'aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature! 'where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he 'could once inspire, and command! Gone, perhaps, 'to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his ex-'travagance. They once praised him, and now they 'applaud the pander; their former raptures at his wit 'are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is 'poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has nei-'ther the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to 'be useful.' Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. 'What-'soever his former conduct may be, papa, his cir-'cumstances should exempt him from censure now. 'His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for 'former folly: and I have heard my papa himself 'say, that we should never strike one unnecessary 'blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the 'scourge of its resentment.'—'You are right, Sophia,' cried my son Moses, 'and one of the ancients finely 'represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts 'of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable 'tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another. 'Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be 'so bad as my father would represent it. We are not

'to judge of the feeling of others by what we might 'feel if in their place. However dark the habitation 'of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds 'the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And to con-'fess the truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his sta-'tion; for I never heard any one more sprightly than 'he was to-day, when he conversed with you.' This was said without the least design; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh; assuring him, that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty; Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

Great preparations made for entertaining Mr. Thornhill.

CHAP. VII.

A TOWN WIT DESCRIBED. THE DULLEST FELLOWS MAY LEARN TO BE COMICAL FOR A NIGHT OR TWO.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured, that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse: but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absured than calling such a fright a beauty: 'For strike me ugly,' continued he, 'if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my 'mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock 'at St. Dunstan's.' At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia

too

Coarse humour of Mr. Thornhill and his chaplain.

too could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. 'Come, tell us honestly, Frank,' said the squire, with his usual archness, 'suppose the church, your present 'mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and 'Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other; 'which would you be for?'—'For both, to be sure,' cried the chaplain. 'Right, Frank,' cried the squire; 'for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is 'worth all the priestcraft in the creation: for what 'are tythes and tricks but an imposition, all a con-'founded imposture, and I can prove it.'—'I wish 'you would,' cried my son Moses; 'and I think,' continued he, 'that I should be able to answer you.' —'Very well, Sir,' cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company, to prepare us for the sport, 'if you are for a 'cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to ac-'cept the challenge. And, first, whether are you 'for managing it analogically, or dialogically?'—'I 'am for managing it rationally,' cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. 'Good again,' cried the squire; 'and, firstly, of the first, I hope 'you'll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don't 'grant me that, I can go no farther.'—'Why,' returned Moses, 'I think I may grant that, and make 'the best of it.'—'I hope too,' returned the other, 'you 'will grant that a part is less than the whole.'—'I

'grant

'grant that too,' cried Moses, 'it is but just and reasonable.'—'I hope,' cried the squire, 'you will not 'deny, that the two angles of a triangle are equal to 'two right ones.'—'Nothing can be plainer,' returned t'other; and looked round him with his usual importance. 'Very well,' cried the squire, speaking very quick; 'the premises being thus settled, I proceed 'to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, 'proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally 'produce a problematical dialogism, which in some 'measure proves that the essence of spirituality may 'be referred to the second predicable.'—'Hold, hold,' cried the other, 'I deny that. Do you think I can 'thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?'—'What,' replied the squire, as if in a passion, 'not 'submit! Answer me one plain question: Do you 'think Aristotle right, when he says, that relatives 'are related?'—'Undoubtedly,' replied the other. 'If so then,' cried the squire, 'answer me directly to 'what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymen 'deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus; and 'give me your reasons, I say, directly?'—'I protest,' cried Moses, 'I don't rightly comprehend the force 'of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single 'proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.'—'O, Sir,' cried the squire, 'I am your most humble 'servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, Sir, there, I protest, you are too hard for me.' This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal

figure

Olivia is prepossessed in favour of the Squire.

figure in a group of merry faces: nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it was her own. 'And now, 'my dear,' cried she to me, 'I'll fairly own, that it 'was I that instructed my girls to encourage our land-'lord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and 'you now see that I was right; for who knows how 'this may end?'—'Aye, who knows that indeed!' answered I, with a groan: 'for my part, I don't much

'much like it; and I could have been better pleased 'with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gen- 'tleman with his fortune and infidelity; for depend 'on't if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker 'shall ever have a child of mine.'

'Sure, father,' cried Moses, 'you are too severe 'in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what 'he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a 'thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his 'power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion, may 'be involuntary with this gentleman: so that allow- 'ing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely 'passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for 'his errors, than the governor of a city without walls 'for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading 'enemy.'

'True, my son,' cried I; 'but if the governor in- 'vites the enemy there, he is justly culpable; and such 'is always the case with those who embrace error. 'The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they 'see; but in being blind to many of the proofs that 'offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be in- 'voluntary when formed, yet as we have been wilfully 'corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we de- 'serve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our 'folly.'

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument: she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses.

Olivia prides herself on her controversial talents.

'And who knows, my dear,' continued she, 'what 'Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal 'to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is 'very well skilled in controversy.'

'Why, my dear, what controversy can she have 'read?' cried I. 'It does not occur to me that I ever 'put such books into her hands: you certainly over-'rate her merit.'—'Indeed, papa,' replied Olivia, 'she does not; I have read a great deal of contro-'versy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum 'and Square; the controversy between Robinson Cru-'soe and Friday the Savage; and I am now employed 'in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship.' '—Very well,' cried I, 'that's a good girl; I find 'you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and 'so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pye.'

An agreeable repast.

CHAP. VIII.

AN AMOUR, WHICH PROMISES LITTLE GOOD FORTUNE, YET MAY BE PRODUCTIVE OF MUCH.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter; he would in a jesting manner call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbands, her's was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and picked the crumbs

from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. 'I never sit thus,' says Sophia, 'but 'I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by 'Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each others arms. 'There is something so pathetic in the description, 'that I have read it an hundred times with new rap- 'ture.'—'In my opinion,' cried my son, 'the finest 'strokes in that description are much below those in 'the Acis and Galatea of Ovid. The Roman poet 'understands the use of *contrast* better, and upon that 'figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic 'depends.'—'It is remarkable,' cried Mr. Burchell, 'that both the poets you mention have equally con- 'tributed to introduce a false taste into their respec- 'tive countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. 'Men of little genius found them most easily imitated 'in their defects, and English poetry, like that in the 'latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a 'combination of luxurious images, without plot or 'connection; a string of epithets that improve the 'sound without carrying on the sense. But, perhaps, 'madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think 'it just that I should give them an opportunity to re- 'taliate; and indeed I have made this remark only 'to have an opportunity of introducing to the com- 'pany a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, 'is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned.'

A BALLAD.

A BALLAD.

'TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
'And guide my lonely way,
'To where yon taper cheers the vale,
'With hospitable ray.

'For here forlorn and lost I tread,
'With fainting steps and slow;
'Where wilds immeasurably spread,
'Seem lengthening as I go.'

'Forbear, my son,' the hermit cries,
'To tempt the dangerous gloom;
'For yonder faithless phantom flies,
'To lure thee to thy doom.

'Here to the houseless child of want,
'My door is open still:
'And though my portion is but scant,
'I give it with good will.

'Then turn to-night, and freely share
'Whate'er my cell bestows;
'My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
'My blessing and repose.

'No flocks that range the valley free,
'To slaughter I condemn;
'Taught by that Power that pities me
'I learn to pity them.

'But from the mountain's grassy side,
'A guiltless feast I bring:
'A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
'And water from the spring.

'Then

A Ballad.

'Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
'All earth-born cares are wrong:
'Man wants but little here below,
'Nor wants that little long.'

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led away.

No stores beneath his humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest.

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His

A Ballad.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress't:
'And whence, unhappy youth,' he cried,
'The sorrows of thy breast?

'From better habitations spurn'd,
'Reluctant dost thou rove?
'Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
'Or unregarded love?

'Alas! the joys that fortune brings
'Are trifling, and decay
'And those who prize the paltry things,
'More trifling still than they.

'And what is friendship but a name,
'A charm that lulls to sleep;
'A shade that follows wealth or fame,
'But leaves the wretch to weep?

'And love is still an emptier sound,
'The modern fair one's jest;
'On earth unseen, or only found,
'To warm the turtle's nest.

'For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
'And spurn the sex!' he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies;
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid, in all her charms!

And,

A Ballad.

And, 'Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
'A wretch forlorn,' she cried;
'Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
'Where heav'n and you reside:

'But let a maid thy pity share,
'Whom love has taught to stray;
'Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
'Companion of her way.

'My Father liv'd beside the Tyne,
'A wealthy lord was he;
'And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
'He had but only me.

'To win me from his tender arms,
'Unnumber'd suitors came;
'Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
'And felt or feign'd a flame.

'Each hour a mercenary crowd
'With richest proffers strove:
'Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
'But never talk'd of love.

'In humble, simplest habit clad,
'No wealth nor power had he;
'Wisdom and worth were all he had,
'But these were all to me.

'The blossom opening to the day,
'The dews of heav'n refin'd,
'Could nought of purity display,
'To emulate his mind.

'The dew, the blossom on the tree,
'With charms inconstant shine;
'Their charms were his, but woe to me,
'Their constancy was mine!

For

A Ballad.

'For still I tried each fickle art,
'Importunate and vain:
'And while his passion touch'd my heart,
'I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
'He left me to my pride,
'And sought a solitude forlorn,
'In secret, where he died!

'But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
'And well my life shall pay;
'I'll seek the solitude he sought,
'And stretch me where he lay.

'And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
'I'll lay me down and die,
''Twas so for me that Edwin did,
'And so for him will I.'

'Forbid it, Heav'n!' the hermit cried,
'And clasp'd her to his breast.
'The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,
''Twas Edwin's self that prest!

'Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
'My charmer, turn to see
'Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
'Restor'd to love and thee!

'Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
'And every care resign:
'And shall we never, never part,
'My life—my all that's mine!

'No, never from this hour to part,
'We'll live and love so true:
'The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
'Shall break thy Edwin's too.'

Gallantry of the chaplain.

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us; and immediately after a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive, that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper; observing that Sophia had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moon-light, on the grass plat before our door. 'Nor can I deny,' continued he, 'but I have an in-'terest in being first to deliver this message, as I ex-'pect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophia's 'hand as a partner.' To this my girl replied, that she

Women, generally, most capable of distinguishing merit in men.

she would have no objection, if she could do it with honour : ' But here,' continued she, ' is a gentleman,' looking at Mr. Burchell, ' who has been my compa- ' nion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements.' Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions ; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary, nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest could thus prefer a man of broken fortune to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit, in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

The family of the vicar is honoured

CHAP. IX.

TWO LADIES OF GREAT DISTINCTION INTRODUCED. SUPERIOR FINERY EVER SEEMS TO CONFER SUPERIOR BREEDING.

MR. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the squire was coming with a crowd of company. Upon our return we found our landlord with a couple of other gentlemen and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife.—Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country-dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to: though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the round-about to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at first discomposed us; however,

By the company of the Squire and his companions.

ever, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright; Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the *living jingo, she was all of a muck of sweat*. Upon our return to the house we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true, they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared

peared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable). Their finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and whatever appeared amiss was ascribed to tiptop quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. 'And what pleasures,' cried Mr. Thornhill, 'do they not 'deserve to possess, who have so much in their power 'to bestow? As for my part,' continued he, 'my 'fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure, 'are my maxims: but curse me if a settlement of half 'my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, 'it should be her's; and the only favour I would ask 'in return, would be to add myself to the benefit.' I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to

suppress

The Squire in danger of discovering his vicious principles.

suppress my resentment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the family 'which you now condescend to favour with your com-'pany, has been bred with as nice a sense of honour 'as you. Any attempt to injure that, may be attended 'with very dangerous consequences. Honour, Sir, 'is our only possession at present, and of that last trea-'sure we must be particularly careful.' I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. 'As to your present hint,' continued he, 'I protest nothing was farther from my heart than 'such a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the 'virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to 'my taste; for all my amours are carried by a coup 'de main.'

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked on the pleasures of temperance, and of the sun-shine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at length the company began to think

of

of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her intreaties; the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAP. X.

THE FAMILY ENDEAVOUR TO COPE WITH THEIR BETTERS. THE MISERIES OF THE POOR WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO APPEAR ABOVE THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters, awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as the spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing

ing George's shirts, we now had them new modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsey come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawney sibyl no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. 'Well, my girls, how have you 'sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given 'thee a penny-worth?'—'I protest, papa,' says the girl, 'I believe she deals with somebody that's not 'right; for she positively declared, that I am to be 'married to a squire in less than a twelve-month!'—'Well, now, Sophy, my child,' said I, 'and what 'sort of a husband are you to have?'—'Sir,' replied

Mankind are most happy in the pursuit of agreeable prospects.

she, 'I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire.'—'How,' cried I, 'is that all 'you are to have for your two shillings? Only a lord 'and a squire for two shillings! You fools, I could 'have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the 'money.'

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable revelries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted, that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding: at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the

The family are invited to appear at church.

the fire, and true-love-knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: 'I fancy, Charles, 'my dear, we shall have a great deal of good com-'pany at our church to-morrow.'—'Perhaps we may, 'my dear,' returned I; 'though you need be under 'no uneasiness about that, you shall have a sermon 'whether there be or not.'—'That is what I expect,' returned she; 'but I think, my dear, we ought to 'appear there as decently as possible, for who knows 'what may happen!'—'Your precautions,' replied I, 'are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and 'appearance at church, is what charms me. We 'should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene.' 'Yes,' cried she, 'I know that; but I mean we 'should go there in as proper a manner as possible, 'not altogether like the scrubs about us.'—'You are 'quite right, my dear,' returned I, 'and I was going

'to

'to make the very same proposal. The proper man-
'ner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to
'have time for meditation before the service begins.'
'—Phoo, Charles,' interrupted she, 'all this is very
'true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we
'should go there genteelly. You know the church is
'two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my
'daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and
'red with walking, and looking for all the world as
'if they had been winners at a smock race. Now,
'my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two
'plough horses, the colt that has been in our family
'these nine years, and his companion Blackberry,
'that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month
'past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why
'should they not do something as well as we? And
'let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a
'little, they will cut a very tolerable figure.'

To this proposal I objected, that 'walking would
'be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry con-
'veyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt
'wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to
'the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and
'that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole
'house.' All these objections, however, were over-
ruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next
morning I perceived them not a little busy in collect-
ing such materials as might be necessary for the expe-
dition; but as I found it would be a business of time,
I walked on to the church before, and they promised
speedily

speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was encreased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church—my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine: and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of teling stories was not quite so well. They were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's-buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot-cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt-the-slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company

pany in this play, plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer; when confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney, and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe, this new mortification.—Death! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, 'We were thrown from our 'horses.' At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they

they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

'All that I know of the matter,' cried Miss Skeggs, 'is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: 'but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole 'route was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner 'of colours, my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tom- 'kyn drawing his sword, swore he was her's to the 'last drop of his blood.'

'Well,' replied our peeress, 'this I can say, that 'the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, 'and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret 'from me. This you may depend on as fact, that the 'next morning my lord duke cried out three times to 'his valet de chambre, Jernigan! Jernigan! Jerni- 'gan! bring me my garters.'

But

Singular behaviour of Mr. Burchell.

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell; who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *Fudge!* an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

'Besides, my dear Skeggs,' continued our peeress, 'there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. 'Burdock made upon the occasion.' *Fudge!*

'I am surprised at that,' cried Miss Skeggs; 'for 'he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only 'for his own amusement. But can your ladyship 'favour me with a sight of them?' *Fudge!*

'My dear creature,' replied our peeress, 'do you 'think I carry such things about me? Though they 'are very fine to be sure, and I think myself some-'thing of a judge; at least I know what pleases my-'self. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Bur-'dock's little pieces; for except what he does, and 'our dear Countess at Hanover-square, there's no-'thing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; 'not a bit of high life among them.' *Fudge!*

'Your ladyship should except,' says t'other, 'your 'own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll 'say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose 'we are to have no more from that quarter?' *Fudge!*

'Why, my dear,' says the lady, 'you know my 'reader and companion has left me to be married to 'Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer 'me to write myself, I have been for some time look-'ing out for another. A proper person is no easy

'matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year 'is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, 'that can read, write, and behave in company; as for 'the chits about town, there is no bearing them about 'one.' *Fudge!*

'That I know,' cried Miss Skeggs, 'by experi-'ence; for of the three companions I had this last 'half year, one of them refused to do plain work an 'hour in the day; another thought twenty-five gui-'neas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to 'send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue 'with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, 'virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be 'found?' *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money; all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied by looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. 'I hope,' cried she, 'your ladyship will 'pardon my present presumption. It is true we have 'no right to pretend to such favours, but yet it is natural

'tural for me to wish putting my children forward 'in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two 'girls have had a pretty good education, and capaci-'ty; at least the country can't show better. They 'can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand 'their needle, broadstich, cross and change, and all 'manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and 'frill; and know something of music; they can do up 'small clothes, and work upon catgut; my eldest can 'cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty man-'ner of telling fortunes upon the cards.' *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, 'that the young la-'dies, from the opinion she could form of them from 'so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such 'employments: but a thing of this kind, Madam,' cried she, addressing my spouse, 'requires a thorough 'examination into characters, and a more perfect 'knowledge of each other. Not, Madam,' continued she, 'that I in the least suspect the young ladies' vir-'tue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form 'in these things, Madam; there is a form.' *Fudge!*

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our peeress declined as unnecessary, alledging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

The vicar's wife exults in their good prospects.

CHAP. XII.

FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD. MORTIFICATIONS ARE OFTEN MORE PAINFUL THAN REAL CALAMITIES.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme: 'Well,' said she, 'my dear Charles, between ourselves, 'I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.' —'Pretty well,' cried I, not knowing what to say.— 'What, only pretty well!' returned she; 'I think it 'is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make 'acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured 'of, that London is the only place in the world for all 'manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger 'things happen every day; and as ladies of quality 'are so often taken with my daughters, what will not 'men of quality be! Entre nous, I protest I like my 'Lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, 'Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs has my 'warm heart. But yet when they came to talk of 'places

Moses noted for making good bargains.

'places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. 'Tell me my dear, don't you think I did for my chil-'dren there?'—'Aye,' returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; 'Heaven grant they 'may be both the better for it this day three months!' This was one of those observations I made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can 'buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all 'our great bargains are of his purchasing. He al-'ways stands out and higgles, and actually tires them 'till he gets a bargain.'

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing

Moses is empowered to sell the colt.

willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sister mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal-box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck! good luck!' till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous enquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. 'Aye,' cried my wife, 'I now see it is no easy matter to get into the 'families of the great; but when one once gets in, 'then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep.' To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually

tually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weazel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When we read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. 'I 'never doubted, Sir,' cried she, 'your readiness to 'be against my daughters and me. You have more 'circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy 'when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to per-'sons who seem to have made use of it themselves.'— 'Whatever my own conduct may have been, Madam,' replied he, 'is not the present question; though as I 'have made no use of advice myself, I should in con-'science give it to those that will.' As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject,

ject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. 'Never mind our son,' cried my wife; 'depend upon 'it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll 'never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have 'seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. 'I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make 'you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, 'yonder comes Moses, without an horse, and the box 'at his back.'

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders like a pedlar. 'Welcome! wel-'come, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought 'us from the fair?'—'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. 'Aye, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that 'we know, but where is the horse?'—'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings 'and two-pence.'—'Well done, my good boy,' returned she, 'I knew you would touch them off. Be-'tween ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-'pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it 'then.'—'I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again. 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and 'here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast: 'here 'they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver 'rims and shagreen cases.'—'A gross of green spec-'tacles,' repeated my wife in a faint voice. 'And you 'parted with the colt, and brought us back no-'thing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!'—

'Dear

'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you listen 'to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should 'not have bought them. The silver rims alone will 'sell for double the money.'—'A fig for the silver 'rims,' cried my wife in a passion: 'I dare swear they 'won't sell for above half the money at the rate of 'broken silver, five shillings an ounce.'—'You need 'be under no uneasiness,' cried I, 'about selling the 'rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive 'they are only copper varnished over.'—'What,' cried my wife, 'not silver! the rims not silver!'—'No,' cried I, 'no more silver than your saucepan.'—'And 'so,' returned she, 'we have parted with the colt, and 'have only got a gross of green spectacles, with cop-'per rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such 'trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, 'and should have known his company better!'—'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you are wrong; he should 'not have known them at all.'—'Marry, hang the 'ideot!' returned she, 'to bring me such stuff; if I had 'them, I would throw them in the fire.'—'There 'again you are wrong, my dear,' cried I; 'for though 'they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper 'spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.'

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under

Moses describes the manner in which he was deceived.

pretence of having one to sell. 'Here,' continued Moses, 'we met another man very well drest, who 'desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying 'that he wanted money, and would dispose of them 'for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who 'pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy 'them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer 'pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talk-'ed him up as finely as they did me, and so at last 'we were persuaded to buy the two gross between 'us.'

CHAP. XIII.

MR. BURCHELL IS FOUND TO BE AN ENEMY; FOR HE HAS THE CONFIDENCE TO GIVE DISAGREEABLE ADVICE.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. 'You see, my children,' cried I, 'how 'little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the 'world, in coping with our betters. Such as are 'poor and will associate with none but the rich, are 'hated by those they avoid, and despised by those 'they follow. Unequal combinations are always dis-'advantageous to the weaker side; the rich having 'the

'the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniencies, that 'result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and 'repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the 'good of the company.'

'Once upon a time,' cried the child, 'a giant and 'a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They 'made a bargain that they never would forsake each 'other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they 'fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who 'was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a 'most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little 'injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off 'the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woeful 'plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a 'short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, 'and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of 'spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. 'This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who 'were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf 'was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all 'that, struck the first blow, which was returned by 'another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was 'soon up with them, and had they not fled would 'certainly have killed them every one. They were 'all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who 'was relieved fell in love with the giant, and married 'him. They now travelled far, and farther than I 'can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. 'The giant for the first time, was foremost now; but 'the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before

'him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more 'than once. At last the victory declared for the two 'adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf 'had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the 'giant was without a single wound. Upon which he 'cried out to his little companion, "My little hero, "this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, "and then we shall have honour for ever."—"No," 'cries the dwarf, who by this time was grown wiser, "no, I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in "every battle, that you get all the honour and re-"wards but all the blows fall upon me."

I was going to moralize upon this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. 'Madam,' cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, 'as for secret reasons, you are 'right;

Who takes leave of the family.

'right; I have secret reasons, which I forbear to men-
'tion, because you are not able to answer those of
'which I make no secret: but I find my visits here
'are become troublesome; I'll take my leave there-
'fore now, and perhaps come once more to take a
'final farewel when I am quitting the country.' Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: 'How, woman,' cried I to her, 'is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return 'their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these 'were the harshest words, and to me the most un-'pleasing, that ever escaped your lips!'—'Why would 'he provoke me then?' replied she; 'but I know the 'motives of his advice perfectly well. He would pre-'vent my girls from going to town, that he may have 'the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here 'at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose 'better company than such low-lived fellows as he.' —'Low-lived, my dear, do you call him!' cried I, 'it is very possible we may mistake this man's cha-'racter: for he seems upon some occasions the most 'finished gentleman I ever knew.—Tell me, Sophia, 'my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances 'of his attachment?'—'His conversation with me, 'Sir,' replied my daughter, 'has ever been sensible,

'modest,

The vicar stifles his conscience on the occasion.

'modest, and pleasing. As to aught else; no, never. 'Once indeed I remember to have heard him say, he 'never knew a woman who could find merit in a man 'that seemed poor.'—'Such, my dear,' cried I, 'is 'the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But 'I hope you have been taught to judge properly of 'such men, and that it would be even madness to 'expect happiness from one who has been so very bad 'an œconomist of his own. Your mother and I have 'now better prospects for you. The next winter, 'which you will probably spend in town, will give 'you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.'

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little: but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

The vicar determines to visit the next fair.

CHAP. XIV.

FRESH MORTIFICATIONS, OR A DEMONSTRATION THAT SEEMING CALAMITIES MAY BE REAL BLESSINGS.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expence. We debated, therefore, in full council, what were the easiest methods of raising money; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished; it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purpose above mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself.—Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however,

next

The remaining horse is offered for sale.

morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer: for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shewn into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my

A new personage introduced.

life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met: the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.—'Make no apologies, my child,' said the old man; 'to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow creatures: take this, I wish it were more: but five pounds 'will relieve your distress, and you are welcome.' The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention, for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. 'Sir,' cried I, 'the applause of so good a

'man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness 'in my breast which your benevolence has already 'excited. You behold before you, Sir, that Dr. 'Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been 'pleased to call great. You here see that unfortu- 'nate divine, who has so long, and it would ill be- 'come me to say successfully, fought against the deu- 'terogamy of the age.'—'Sir,' cried the stranger, struck with awe, 'I fear I have been too familiar; 'but you'll forgive my curiosity, Sir—I beg pardon.' —'Sir,' cried I, grasping his hand, 'you are so far 'from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I 'must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already 'have my esteem.'—'Then with gratitude I accept 'the offer,' cried he, squeezing me by the hand, 'thou 'glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy; and do I 'behold—.' I here interrupted what he was going to say: for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculation too much. 'Aye, Sir,' replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment; 'Aye, Sir,

'the

Whose learning is eclipsed by his modesty.

'the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony 'or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of 'all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not 'broached upon the creation of the world? San-'coniathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Luca-'nus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has 'these words: *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, 'which imply that all things have neither beginning 'or end. Manetho also, who lived about the time 'of Nebuchadon-Asser, Asser being a Syriac word, 'usually applied as a sirname to the king of that coun-'try, as Teglar Phael-Asser; Nabon-Asser; he, I 'say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we 'usually say *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies 'that books will never teach the world; so he attempt-'ed to investigate. But, Sir, I ask pardon; I am 'straying from the question.' That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to shew me that he was a man of letters, and I now reverenced him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us to the fair; mine, I told him, was to sell a horse; and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one

of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. 'Here, Abraham,' cried he, 'go and get gold for this; you'll do it at 'neighbour Jackson's, or any where.' While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half a crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour, 'If that be the case then,' returned he, 'I believe we shall deal. You shall 'have a draft upon him payable at sight; and let me 'tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles 'round him. Honest Solomon and I have been ac-'quainted for many years together. I remember I 'always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop 'upon one leg further than I.' A draft upon my 'neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability; the draft was signed

The vicar discovers his new friend, to be an arrant swindler.

signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoaking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. 'You can read the name, I 'suppose,' cried I, 'Ephraim Jenkinson.'—'Yes,' returned he, 'the name is written plain enough, and 'I know the gentleman too—the greatest rascal under 'the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue 'who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable 'looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his 'pocket holes? And did he not talk a long string 'of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the 'world?' To this I replied with a groan. 'Aye,' continued he, 'he has but one piece of learning in the 'world, and he always talks it wherever he finds a 'scholar in company: but I know the rogue, and 'will catch him yet.'

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage,

The London journey set aside.

than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours—too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

The developement of Mr. Burchell's villainy.

CHAP. XV.

ALL MR. BURCHELL'S VILLAINY AT ONCE DETECTED. THE FOLLY OF BEING OVER WISE.

THAT evening, and part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinions best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen; and upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention, was a sealed note, superscribed, 'The 'copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle.' It instantly occurred, that he was the base informer; and we deliberated, whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:

'LADIES,

'THE bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the 'person from whom this comes: one at least the friend 'of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced.

'I am

'I am informed for a truth, that you have some in-
'tention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom
'I have some knowledge of, under the character of
'companions. As I would neither have simplicity
'imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must of-
'fer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a
'step will be attended with dangerous consequences.
'It has never been my way to treat the infamous or
'the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken
'this method of explaining myself, or reproving fol-
'ly, did it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the ad-
'monition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the con-
'sequences of introducing infamy and vice into re-
'treats where peace and innocence have hitherto re-
'sided.'

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy

came

came running in to tell us, that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude; yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach; he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. 'A fine day, Mr. Burchell.'—'A very fine day, doctor; 'though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the 'shooting of my corns.'—'The shooting of your horns,' cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. 'Dear madam,' replied he, 'I pardon you with all my heart; for I 'protest I should not have thought it a joke had you 'not told me.'—'Perhaps not, Sir' cried my wife, winking at us; 'and yet I dare say you can tell us 'how many jokes go to an ounce.'—'I fancy, Ma-'dam,' returned Burchell, 'you have been reading 'a jest-book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so 'very good a conceit: and yet, madam, I had rather 'see half an ounce of understanding.'—'I believe

Pope's favourite maxim condemned by Mr. Burchell.

'you might,' cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; 'and yet I have seen some 'men pretend to understanding, that have very little.' —'And no doubt,' replied her antagonist, 'you have 'known ladies set up for wits that had none.' I quickly began to find, that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a stile of more severity myself. 'Both wit and under-'standing,' cried I, 'are trifles without integrity; it 'is that which gives value to every character; the 'ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the 'philosopher with many; for what is genius or cou-'rage without an heart?

'An honest man 's the noblest work of God.'

'I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope,' returned Mr. Burchell, 'as very unworthy a man of 'genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. 'As the reputation of books is raised, not by their 'freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beau-'ties; so should that of men be prized, not from their 'exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues 'they are possessed of. The scholar may want pru-'dence, the statesman may have pride, and the cham-'pion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low 'mechanic, who laboriously plods on through life 'without censure or applause? We might as well 'prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish 'school, to the erroneous, but sublime animations of 'the Roman pencil.'

'Sir,' replied I, 'your present observation is just, 'when there are shining virtues and minute defects;

'but

'but when it appears that great vices are opposed in 'the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a 'character deserves contempt.'

'Perhaps' cried he, 'there may be some such mon-'sters as you describe, of great vices joined to great 'virtues; yet in my progress through life, I never 'yet found one instance of their existence: on the 'contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind 'was capacious, the affections were good. And in-'deed Providence seems kindly our friend in this par-'ticular, thus to debilitate the understanding where 'the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where 'there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to 'extend even to other animals: the little vermin race 'are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; whilst 'those endowed with strength and power, are gene-'rous, brave, and gentle.'

'These observations sound well,' returned I, 'and 'yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man,' and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon him, 'whose head 'and heart form a most detestable contrast. Aye, Sir,' continued I, raising my voice, 'and I am glad 'to have this opportunity of detecting him in the 'midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, 'Sir—this pocket-book?'—'Yes, Sir,' returned he with a face of impenetrable assurance, 'that pocket-'book is mine, and I am glad you have found it.'—'And do you know,' cried I, 'this letter? Nay, 'never faulter, man; but look me full in the face: I 'say, do you know this letter?'—'That letter,' returned he; 'yes, it was I that wrote that letter.'—

'And how could you,' said I, 'so basely, so ungrate-
'fully, presume to write this letter?'—'And how
'came you,' replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, 'so basely to presume to break open this
'letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you
'all for this? All that I have to do, is to swear at
'the next Justice's, that you have been guilty of break-
'ing open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang
'you all up at this door.' This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch that I could scarce govern my passion. 'Ungrateful wretch! begone,
'and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness.
'Begone! and never let me see thee again: go from
'my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an
'alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tor-
'mentor!' So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies. 'My dear,' cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, 'we are not to be surprised
'that bad men want shame; they only blush at being
'detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

'Guilt and Shame, (says the allegory) were at first
'companions, and in the beginning of their journey
'inseparably kept together. But their union was soon
'found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both;
'Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame
'often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After

'long

The squire increases his attention to the family.

'long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward 'alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the 'shape of an executioner; but Shame being naturally 'timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they 'had left behind.—Thus, my children, after men have 'travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes 'them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues 'they have still remaining.'

CHAP. XVI.

THE FAMILY USE ART, WHICH IS OPPOSED BY STILL GREATER.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations

The squire's alliance is eagerly sought for.

servations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them sharp, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but very little short of it; and his slowness was sometimes attributed to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our

our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do) our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the

Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, drest in a green joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a Shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance which had not occured till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable, but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvass was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel

in

in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expence, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports were always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as the principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of an husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in

Their conversation on the choice of a husband for Olivia.

order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could over-hear the whole conversation: my wife artfully introduced it by observing, that one of the Miss Flamborough's was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: 'But heaven help,' continued she, 'the girls that have none. What signifies 'beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the vir-'tue and all the qualifications in the world, in this 'age of self-interest? It is not, what is she? but, 'what has she? is all the cry.'

'Madam,' returned he, 'I highly approve the 'justice, as well as the novelty of your remarks; and 'if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should 'then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without 'fortunes: our two young ladies should be the first 'for whom I would provide.'

'Ah! Sir,' returned my wife, 'you are pleased 'to be facetious: but I wish I were a queen, and then 'I know where my eldest daughter should look for an 'husband. But now that you have put it into my 'head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recom-'mend me a proper husband for her; she is now nine-'teen years old, well grown, and well educated; and 'in my humble opinion does not want for parts.'

'Madam,' replied he, 'if I were to choose, I 'would find out a person possessed of every accom-'plishment that can make an angel happy. One with

'prudence,

Extreme caution observed by the squire.

'prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity; such, Ma-
'dam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.'
—'Aye, Sir,' said she, 'but do you know of any
'such person?'—'No, Madam,' returned he, 'it is
'impossible to know any person that deserves to be
'her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's
'possession; she's a goddess. Upon my soul, I speak
'what I think, she is an angel.'—'Ah, Mr. Thorn-
'hill, you only flatter my poor girl: but we have been
'thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants,
'whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a mana-
'ger; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a
'warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good
'bread; and who has several times made her propo-
'sals;' (which was actually the case.) 'But, Sir,'
concluded she, 'I should be glad to have your appro-
'bation of our choice!'—'How, Madam!' replied
he, 'my approbation! My approbation of such a
'choice! Never. What! sacrifice so much beauty,
'and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of
'the blessing! Excuse me, I never can approve of
'such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons.'
—'Indeed, Sir!' cried Deborah, 'if you have your
'reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad
'to know those reasons.'—'Excuse me, Madam,' re-
'turned he, 'they lie too deep for discovery,' (laying
'his hand upon his bosom) 'they remain buried, ri-
vetted here.'

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most ex-

alted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAP. XVII.

SCARCE ANY VIRTUE FOUND TO RESIST THE POWER OF LONG AND PLEASING TEMPTATION.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger; but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquet to perfection, if that might be called acting, which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed

Measures are taken to bring the marriage to a speedy issue.

seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. 'You now see, my child, said I, 'that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's pas-'sion was all a dream; he permits the rivalry of ano-'ther, every way his inferior, though he knows it 'lies in his power to secure you to himself by a can-'did declaration.'—'Yes, papa,' returned she, 'but 'he has his reasons for this delay; I know he has. 'The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me 'of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will dis-'cover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince 'you that my opinion of him has been more just than 'yours.'—'Olivia, my darling,' returned I, 'every 'scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel 'him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned 'by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have 'constrained you. But you must not suppose, my 'dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering 'his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed 'passion. Whatever time you require to bring your 'fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted: 'but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regard-'less, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Wil-'liams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The cha-'racter which I have hitherto supported in life de-'mands this from me, and my tenderness as a parent

The day is fixed for Olivia's marriage with Mr. Williams.

'shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name 'then your day; let it be as distant as you think pro- 'per, and in the mean time take care to let Mr. 'Thornhill know the exact time on which I design 'delivering you up to another. If he really loves 'you, his own good sense will readily suggest that 'there is but one method alone to prevent his losing 'you for ever.' This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety: but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely: and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It

The hilarity of the family on that occasion.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future. Busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost. 'Well, Moses,' cried I, 'we shall 'soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what 'is your opinion of matters and things in general?"—'My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very 'well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister 'Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then 'have the loan of his cider-press and brewing-tubs for 'nothing.'—'That we shall Moses,' cried I, 'and 'he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spi-'rits into the bargain.'—'He has taught that song to 'our Dick,' cried Moses; 'and I think he goes through 'it very prettily.'—'Does he so,' cried I, 'then let 'us have it: where is little Dick, let him up with it 'boldly.'—'My brother Dick,' cried Bill, my youngest, 'is just gone out with sister Livy; but Mr. Wil-'liams has tanght me two songs, and I'll sing them 'for you, papa. Which song do you chuse—*The 'Dying Swan;* or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad 'Dog?*'—The elegy, child, by all means,' said I; 'I never heard that yet—and Deborah, my life, grief, 'you know, is dry; let us have a bottle of the best 'gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I have 'wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that, with-'out an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome 'me.—And, Sophy, love, take your guitar, and 'thrum in with the boy a little.'

AN

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man!

Around from all the neighb'ring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But

But soon a wonder came to light,
Then shew'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

'A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an 'elegy that may truly be called tragical--Come, my 'children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day 'be a bishop!'

'With all my heart,' cried my wife; 'and if he but 'preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. 'The most of his family by the mother's side could 'sing a good song; it was a common saying in our 'country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could 'never look straight before them, nor the Huggin-'son's blow out a candle; that there were none of 'the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Mar-'jorams but could tell a story.'—'However, that be,' cried I, 'the most vulgar ballad of all generally 'pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and 'things that petrify in a single stanza; productions 'that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to 'your brother, Moses. The great fault of these ele-'giasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give 'the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady 'loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the 'silly poet runs home to versify the disaster.'

'That may be the mode,' cried Moses, 'in sublimer 'compositions: but the Ranelagh songs that come 'down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the 'same mould; Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a 'dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in

'her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and 'then they go together to church, where they give 'good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.'

'And very good advice too,' cried I; 'and I am 'told there is not a place in the world where advice 'can be given with so much propriety as there: for, 'as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with 'a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, 'my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting.'

'Yes, Sir,' returned Moses, 'and I know but of 'two such markets for wives in Europe—Ranelagh in 'England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish 'market is open once a year, but our English wives 'are saleable every night.'

'You are right, my boy,' cried his mother; 'Old 'England is the only place in the world for husbands 'to get wives.'—'And for wives to manage their 'husbands,' interrupted I. 'It is a proverb abroad, 'that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the Continent would come over to take pattern from ours: for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, 'Deborah, my life—and Moses, give us a good song. 'What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I 'think myself happier now than the greatest monarch 'upon earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now 'growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to

'be

The happiness of the family is destroyed by the elopement of Olivia.

'be happy. We are descended from ancestors that 'knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtu-'ous race of children behind us. While we live they 'will be our support and our pleasure here, and when 'we die they will transmit our honour untainted to 'posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song: let 'us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? 'that little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the 'concert.' Just as I spoke, Dick came running in, 'O papa! papa! she is gone from us, she is gone from 'us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!'—'Gone, 'child!'—'Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen 'in a post-chaise; and one of them kissed her, and 'said he would die for her; and she cried very much, 'and was for coming back; but he persuaded her 'again, and she went into the chaise, and said, "O! "what will my poor papa do, when he knows I am "undone."—'now, then,' cried I, 'my children, go 'and be miserable; for we shall never enjoy one hour 'more. And O may Heaven's everlasting fury light 'upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child! 'And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent 'that I was leading up to Heaven. Such sincerity 'as my child was possest of! But all our earthly hap-'piness is now over! Go, my children, go and be 'miserable and infamous, for my heart is broken with-'in me!'—'Father,' cried my son, 'is this your for-'titude?'—'Fortitude, child! Yes, he shall see I have 'fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I'll pursue the 'traitor. While he is on earth, I'll pursue him. Old 'as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The vil-

'lain, the perfidious villain!' I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. 'My deasest, dearest husband,' cried she, 'the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old 'hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us.'—'Indeed, Sir,' resumed my son, after a pause, 'your 'rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be 'my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. 'It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to 'curse your greatest enemy; you should not have 'cursed him, villain as he is.'—'I did not curse him, 'child, did I?'—'Indeed, Sir, you did; you cursed 'him twice.'—'Then may Heaven forgive me and 'him, if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more 'than human benevolence that first taught us to bless 'our enemies: Blest be his holy name for all the good 'he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away. 'But it is not, it is not a small distress that can wring 'tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so 'many years. My child! to undo my darling! May 'confusion sieze!—Heaven forgive me: what am I 'about to say?—You may remember, my love, how 'good she was, and how charming; till this vile mo'ment, all her care was to make us happy. Had she 'but died! But she is gone, the honour of our family 'is contaminated, and I must look out for happiness 'in other worlds than here.—But, my child, you saw 'them go off; perhaps he forced her away. If he 'forced her, she may yet be innocent.'—'Ah, no,

'Sir,' cried the child; 'he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast.'—'She's an ungrateful creature,' cried my wife, who could scarce speak for weeping; to use us thus, she never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation—thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow.'

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches,—'Never,' cried she, 'shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No! let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.

'Wife,' said I, 'do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched crea-

'ture

The vicar determines to endeavour to discover

'ture shall be welcome to this heart and this house, 'though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again 'hearken to the music of her mouth, again will I hang 'fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. '—My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff: I 'will pursue her, wherever she is: and though I can-'not save her from shame, I may prevent the conti-'nuance of her iniquity.'

CHAP. XVIII.

THE PURSUIT OF A FATHER TO RECLAIM A LOST CHILD TO VIRTUE.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter, in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom by the description I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me; I therefore went to the young squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately; he soon appeared with the

the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villainy, who averred that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never bebated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way, to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluded thither. I walked along with earnestness, and enquired of several by the way: but received no accounts, till entering the town I was met by a person on horseback whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure: how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance

distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, I retired to a little alehouse, by the road side; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed though I was unprovided with money to defray the expences of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiey from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller who stepped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists

The vicar resumes his journey.

mists of the age; and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them: as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we arise shews us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summit of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusements, finds as we descend, something to flatter and please. Still as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake: but, when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company; as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. 'Good company upon the road,' says the proverb, 'is the shortest cut.' I therefore entered into conversation with

the poor player; and, as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual freedom; but as I was but little acquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day? 'I fancy, Sir,' cried the player, 'few of our modern dramatists would 'think themselves much honoured by being compared 'to the writers you mention. Dryden and Rowe's 'manner, Sir, are quite out of fashion; our taste has 'gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, 'and all the plays of Shakespeare, are the only things 'that go down.'—How!' cried I, 'is it possible the 'present age can be pleased with that antiquated 'dialect, that obsolete humour, those over-charged 'characters, which abound in the works you mention?' —'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think 'nothing about dialect, or humour, or character; for 'that is none of their business; they only go to be 'amused, and find themselves happy when they can 'enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson's 'or Shakespeare's name.'—'So then, I suppose,' cried I, 'that our modern dramatists are rather 'imitators of Shakespeare than nature.'—'To say 'the truth,' returned my companion, 'I don't know 'that they imitate any thing at all; nor indeed does 'the public require it of them; it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced, that elicits applause. 'I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole, 'shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the 'poet's

'poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, Sir, the 'works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit 'in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is 'much more natural.'

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprized of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first alehouse that offered; and being shewn into the common room, was accosted by a very well dressed gentleman who demanded, whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

The vicar is elegantly entertained by a stranger.

CHAP. XIX.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON DISCONTENTED WITH THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, AND APPREHENSIVE OF THE LOSS OF OUR LIBERTIES.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shewn, was perfectly elegant and modern; he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed, that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated: for he asserted, that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor; to which replying in the negative, 'What, nor the Auditor, I suppose?' cried he. 'Neither, 'Sir,' returned I, 'That's strange, very strange,' replied my entertainer. 'Now, I read all the politics 'that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, 'the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall 'Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two 'Reviews;

'Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love 'them all. Liberty, Sir, liberty is the Briton's boast; 'and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence 'its guardians.'—'Then it is to be hoped,' cried I, 'you reverence the king.'—'Yes,' returned my entertainer, 'when he does what we would have him; but 'if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never trou-'ble myself more with his matters. I say nothing-'I think only; I could have directed some things bet-'ter. I don't think there has been a sufficient num-'ber of advisers; he should advise, and then we should 'have things done in another guest manner.'

'I wish,' cried I, 'that such intruding advisers 'were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of 'honest men to assist the weaker side of our Consti-'tution, that sacred power that has for some years 'been every day declining, and losing its due share 'of influence in the state. But these ignorants still 'continue the cry of liberty, and, if they have any 'weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale.'

'How!' cried one of the ladies, 'do I live to see 'one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, 'and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred 'gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!'

'Can it be possible,' cried our entertainer, 'that 'there should be any found at present, advocates for 'slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the 'privileges of Britons? Can any, Sir, be so abject?"

'No, Sir,' replied I, 'I am for liberty, that attri-'bute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of mo-'dern declamation. I would have all men kings. I

'would be a king myself. We have all naturally an 'equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. 'This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a 'set of honest men who were called levellers. They 'tried to erect themselves into a community, where 'all should be equally free. But, alas! it would ne-'ver answer: for there were some among them strong-'er, and some more cunning than others, and these 'became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom 'rides your horses, because he is a cunninger ani-'mal than they, so surely will the animal that is cun-'ninger and stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in 'turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to sub-'mit, and some are born to command, and others to 'obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whe-'ther it is better to have them in the same house with 'us, or in the same village, or still farther off in the me-'tropolis. Now, Sir, for my own part, as I natural-'ly hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is re-'moved from me, the better pleased am I. The ge-'nerality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, 'and have unanimously created one king, whose elec-'tion at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and 'puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the great-'est number of people. Now the great, who were 'tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, 'are naturally averse to a power raised over them, 'and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the 'subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, 'therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as pos-'sible; because, whatever they take from that, is 'naturally restored themselves: and all they have to

'do

'do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by 'which they resume their primeval authority. Now 'the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may 'be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, 'as all to conspire in carrying on this business of un-'dermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if 'the circumstances of our state be such, as to favour 'the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent 'still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An 'accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily 'be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches 'flow in from external commerce than arise from in-'ternal industry; for external commerce can only be 'managed to advantage by the rich, and they have 'also at the same time all the emoluments arising 'from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, 'have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have 'but one. For this reason, wealth in all commer-'cial states, is found to accumulate; and all such 'have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, 'the very laws also of this country may contribute to 'the accumulation of wealth; as when by their means 'the natural ties that bind the rich and poor toge-'ther are broken; and it is ordained, that the rich 'shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned 'are held unqualified to serve their country as coun-'sellors, merely from a defect of opulence; and wealth 'is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition; 'by these means, I say, and such means as these, 'riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of ac-'cumulated wealth, when furnished with the neces-

'saries

'saries and pleasures of life, has no other method to 'employ the superfluity of his fortune, but in pur-'chasing power; that is, differently speaking, in 'making dependants, by purchasing the liberty of the 'needy or the venal, of men who are willing to bear 'the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. 'Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round 'him a circle of the poorest of the people; and the 'polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be 'compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a 'vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing 'to move in a great man's vortex, are only such as 'must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose souls 'and whose education are adapted to servitude, and 'who know nothing of liberty except the name. But 'there must still be a large number of the people 'without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, 'namely, that order of men which subsist between 'the very rich and the very rabble; those men who 'are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the 'neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor 'to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle 'order of mankind, are generally to be found all the 'arts, wisdom, and virtues, of society. This order 'alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, 'and may be called, the people. Now it may hap-'pen, that this middle order of mankind may lose all 'its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner 'drowned in that of the rabble: for if the fortune 'sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give 'his voice in state affairs, be ten times less than was

'judged

'judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it 'is evident, that great numbers of the rabble will 'thus be introduced into the political system, and they 'ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow 'where greatness shall direct. In such a state, there-'fore, all that the middle order has left, is to preserve 'the prerogative and privileges of the one principal 'governor with the most sacred circumspection. For 'he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the 'great from falling with tenfold weight, on the mid-'dle order placed beneath them. The middle order 'may be compared to a town, of which the opulent 'are forming the siege, and which the governor from 'without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers 'are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natu-'ral to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; 'to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with 'privileges; but if they once defeat the governor 'from behind, the walls of the town will be but a 'small defence to its inhabitants. What they may 'then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to 'Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern 'the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then 'for, and would die for, monarchy, sacred monarchy; 'for if there be any thing sacred amongst men, it 'must be the anointed SOVEREIGN of his people; 'and every diminution of the power, in war or in 'peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of 'the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and 'Britons, have already done much; it is to be hoped, 'that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever

The harmony of the company is interrupted

'doing more. I have known many of those pretended 'champions for liberty in my time, yet do I not re-'member one that was not in his heart and in his 'family a tyrant.'

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good-breeding; but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. 'What!' cried he, 'then I have been all this while entertain-'ing a jesuit in parson's clothes: but, by all the coal-'mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name 'be Wilkinson.' I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. 'Pardon!' returned he in a fury, 'I think 'such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What, 'give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer 'says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! 'Sir I insist upon your marching out of this house 'immediately to prevent worse consequences. Sir, 'I insist upon it.' I was going to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, 'As sure as 'death, there is our master and mistress come home!' It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion, upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. 'Gen-

By the arrival of the real owner of the mansion.

'tlemen,' cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, 'my wife and I are your most 'humble servants; but I protest this is so unexpected 'a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation.' However unexpected our company might be to them, their's, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehension of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. 'My dear Sir,' cried she, 'to what happy ac- 'cident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I 'am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when 'they find they have got the good Doctor Primrose 'for their guest.' Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stept up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling on being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was at my intercession forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days; and as their neice, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shewn to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which

was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. 'Alas! Madam,' cried I, 'he has now been near three years absent, 'without ever writing to his friends or me. Where 'he is, I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or 'happiness more. No, my dear Madam, we shall 'never more see such pleasing hours as were once 'spent by our fire-side at Wakefield. My little fa-'mily are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has 'not only brought want, but infamy upon us.' The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me, to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening; the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new performer, and averred that he never saw any who bid

in meeting with Miss Wilmot and his son George.

so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day: 'But this gentleman,' continued he, 'seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his 'figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught 'him up accidentally in our journey down.' This account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestibly the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last; and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin; when, turning his eyes upon the audience he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable.

The actors behind the scenes, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion; for they succeeded with two much rapidity for description; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot; who, pale and with trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an

invitation,

invitation, for him ; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport ; for I could never counterfeit a false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated ; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty ; and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD:

A TALE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SPERATE MISERI, CAVETE FELICES.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR's LIFE;

INCLUDING

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

COMMUNICATED BY

THE REV. J. EVANS,

Author of "The Juvenile Tourist;" "The Geographical Grammar," "Sketch of all Religions," &c. &c.

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THE

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAP. I.

THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC VAGABOND, PURSUING NOVELTY, BUT LOOSING CONTENT.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth which he could boast of. 'Why, aye, my son,' cried I, 'you left me put poor 'and poor, I find, you are come back: and yet, I 'make no doubt, you have seen a great deal of the 'world,'—'Yes, Sir,' replied my son; 'but travelling after Fortune is not the way to secure her; and, 'indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit.'—'I fancy, Sir,' cried Mrs. Arnold, 'that the account 'of your adventures would be amusing; the first part 'of them I have often heard from my niece; but 'could the company prevail for the rest, it would be 'an additional obligation.'—'Madam,' replied my

son, 'I promise you the pleasure you have in hear-
'ing, will not be half so great as my vanity in re-
'peating them; and yet in the whole narrative I can
'scarce promise you one adventure, as my account is
'rather of what I saw, than what I did. The first
'misfortune of my life, which you all know, was
'great; but though it distressed, it could not sink
'me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping
'than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time
'the more I expected from her at another; and being
'now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolu-
'tion might lift but could not depress me. I pro-
'ceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morn-
'ing, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful
'as the birds that carolled by the road; and comfort-
'ed myself with reflecting that London was the mart
'where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting
'distinction and reward.'

'Upon my arrival in town, Sir, my first care was
'to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cou-
'sin, who was himself in little better circumstances
'than I. My first scheme, you know, Sir, was to be
'usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the
'affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true
'Sardonic grin. "Aye" cried he, "this is, indeed,
"a very pretty career that has been chalked out for
"you. I have been an usher to a boarding-school
"myself: and may I die by an anodyne necklace,
"but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate!
"I was up early and late: I was brow-beat by the
"master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress,
"worried

To relate his adventures.

" worried by the boys within, and never permitted
" to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you
" sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you
" a little. Have you been bred an apprentice to the
" business?" No. " Then you won't do for a school.
" Can you dress the boys' hair?" No. " Then you
" won't do for a school. Have you had the small-
" pox?" No. " Then you won't do for a school.
" Can you lie three in a bed?" No. " Then you
" will never do for a school. Have you got a good
" stomach?" Yes. " Then you will by no means
" do for a school. No, Sir: if you are for a genteel,
" easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an ap-
" prentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school
" by any means. Yet come," continued he, " I see
" you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do
" you think of commencing author like me? You
" have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius
" starving at the trade; at present I'll shew you forty
" very dull fellows about town that live by it in opu-
" lence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smooth-
" ly and dully, and write history and politics, and
" are praised: men, Sir, who, had they been bred
" coblers, would all their lives have only mended
" shoes, but never made them."

' Finding that there was no degree of gentility af-
' fixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to ac-
' cept his proposal; and having the highest respect
' for literature, hailed the antiqua mater of Grub-
' street with reverence. I thought it my glory to
' pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod be-

'fore me. I considered the goddess of this region 'as the parent of excellence; and, however an inter-'course with the world might give us good-sense, 'the poverty she granted I supposed to be the nurse 'of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, 'and finding that the best things remained to be said 'on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that 'should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three 'paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, 'indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth 'have been so often imported by others, that nothing 'was left for me to import, but some splendid things 'that at a distance looked every bit as well. Wit-'ness, you powers, what fancied importance fate 'perched upon my quill while I was writing! The 'whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise 'to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to 'oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcu-'pine, I sate self-collected, with a quill pointed 'against every opposer.'

'Well said, my boy,' cried I; 'and what subject 'did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over 'the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt: go 'on. You published your paradoxes; well, and what 'did the learned world say to your paradoxes?'

'Sir,' replied my son, 'the learned world said no-'thing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, Sir. Every 'man of them was employed in praising his friends 'and himself; or condemning his enemies: and un-'fortunately, as I had neither, suffered the cruel-'est mortification—neglect.

Literary Swindler.

'As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, 'on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening 'to enter the room, placed himself in the box before 'me; and after some perliminary discourse, finding 'me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, 'begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was 'going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. 'This demand necessarily produced a reply, that I 'had no money; and that concession led him to en-'quire into the nature of my expectations. Finding 'that my expectations were just as great as my purse '—"I see," cried he, you are unacquainted with "the town. I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these "proposals; upon these very proposals I have sub-"sisted very comfortably for twelve years. The mo-"ment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creo-"lian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her "country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first be-"siege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in "my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe "readily the first time, I renew my request to beg "a dedication fee; if they let me have that, I smite "them once more for engraving their coat of arms "at the top. Thus," continued he, "I live by vani-"ty, and laugh at it. But, between ourselves, I am "now too well known; I should be glad to borrow "your face a bit: a nobleman of distinction has just "returned from Italy; my face is familar to his por-"ter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life "for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil."

'Bless us, George,' cried I, 'and is this the em-

'ployment

'ployment of poets now? Do men of their exalted 'talents thus stoop to beggary! Can they so far dis-'grace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise 'for bread?'

'O no, Sir,' returned he; 'a true poet can never 'be so base; for wherever there is genius there is 'pride. The creatures I now describe, are only beg-'gars in rhime. The real poet, as he braves every 'hardship for fame, so is he equally a coward to con-'tempt; and none but those who are unworthy pro-'tection, condescend to solicit it.

'Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indig-'nities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a se-'cond attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a 'middle course, and write for bread. But I was un-'qualified for a profession when mere industry alone 'was to insure success. I could not suprpess my lurk-'ing passion for applause; but usually consumed that 'time in efforts after excellence which takes up but 'little room, when it should have been more advan-'tageously employed in the diffusive productions of 'fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore 'come forth in the midst of periodical publications, 'unnoticed and unknown. The public were more 'importantly employed than to observe the easy sim-'plicitly of my style, or the harmony of my periods. 'Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My 'essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, 'eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; 'while Philautus, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and 'Philanthropos,

He is disgusted with his literary pursuits.

'Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote 'faster than I.

'Now, therefore, I began to associate with none 'but disappointed authors, like myself, who praised, 'deplored and despised each other. The satisfaction 'we found in every celebrated writer's attempts, was 'inversely as their merits. I found that no genius 'in another could please me. My unfortunate para-'doxes had entirely dried up the source of comfort. 'I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for 'excellence in another was my aversion, and writing 'was my trade.

'In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was 'one day sitting on a bench in St. James's Park, a 'young gentleman of distinction, who had been my 'intimate acquaintance at the university, approach-'ed me. We saluted each other with some hesita-'tion—he almost ashamed of being known to one who 'made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a 'repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for 'Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-na-'ture fellow.

'What did you say, George?' interrupted I. 'Thornhill! was not that his name? It can certainly 'be no other than my landlord.'—'Bless me,' cried Mrs. Arnold, 'is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour 'of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, 'and we expect a visit from him shortly.'

'My friend's first care,' continued my son, 'was 'to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own 'clothes, and then I was admitted to his table upon

'the

'the footing of half friend, half underling. My busi-
'ness was to attend him at auctions, to put him in
'spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left-
'hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and
'to assist a tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when
'he had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twen-
'ty other little employments in the family. I was
'to do many small things without bidding; to carry
'the cork-screw; to stand godfather to all the butler's
'children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out
'of humour; always to be humble; and, if I could,
'to be very happy.

'In this honourable post, however, I was not with-
'out a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed
'for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's
'affections. His mother had been laundress to a man
'of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for
'pimping and pedigree. As this gentlemen made
'it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords
'though he was dismissed from several for his stupi-
'dity, yet he found many of them, who were as dull
'as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flat-
'tery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest
'address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff
'from me; and as every day my patron's desire of
'flattery increased, so every hour, being better ac-
'quainted with his defects, I became more unwilling
'to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to
'give up the field to the captain, when my friend
'found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing
'less than to fight a duel for him with a gentleman

'whose

'whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I 'readily complied with his request; and though I see 'you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a 'debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not re- 'fuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antago- 'nist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that 'the lady was only a woman of the town, and the 'fellow a bully and a sharper. This piece of ser- 'vice was repaid with the warmest professions of 'gratitude, but as my friend was to leave town in a 'few days, he knew no other method of serving me, 'but by recommending me to his uncle Sir William 'Thornhill, and another gentlemen of great distinc- 'tion, who enjoyed a post under the government. 'When he was gone, my first care was to carry his 'recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose 'character for every virtue was universal, yet just. 'I was received by his servants with the most hospita- 'ble smiles; for the looks of the domestics ever trans- 'mit their master's benevolence. Being shewn into 'a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came 'to me, I delivered my message and letter, which 'he read, and after pausing some minutes—"Pray, "Sir," cried he, "inform me what you have done "for my kinsman to deserve this warm recommen- "dation? But I suppose, Sir, I guess your merits; "you have fought for him; and so you would expect "a reward from me for being the instrument of his "vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present re- "fusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but "still more, that it may be some inducement to your

" repentance." The severity of this rebuke I bore ' patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole ' expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the ' great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ' ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some ' sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain ad- ' mittance. However, after bribing the servants ' with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shewn ' into a spacious apartment, my letter being previous- ' ly sent up for his lordship's inspection. During ' this anxious interval, I had full time to look round ' me. Every thing was grand and of happy con- ' trivance; the paintings, the furniture, the gild- ' ings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea ' of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very ' great must the possessor of all these things be, who ' carries in his head the business of the state, and ' whose house displays half the wealth of the king- ' dom; sure his genius must be unfathomable! ' During these awful reflections, I heard a step come ' heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man him- ' self! No, it was only a chamber-maid. Another ' foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No, ' it was only the great man's valet de chambre. At ' last his lordship actually made his appearance. " Are you," cried he. " the bearer of this here let- " ter?" I answered with a bow. " I learn by this," ' continued he, " as how that—" But just at that ' instant a servant delivered him a card; and with- ' out taking farther notice, he went out of the room, ' and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure.

' I saw

And is reduced to almost an hopeless condition.

'I saw no more of him, till told by a footmen that his 'lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down 'I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that 'of three or four more, who came like me to petition 'for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast 'for us, and was gaining his chariot-door with large 'strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to 'have any reply. He was by this time got in, and 'muttered an answer, half of which I only heard, the 'other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-'wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretch-'ed out, in the posture of one that was listening to 'catch the glorious sounds, till, looking round me, 'I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

'My patience,' continued my son, 'was now quite 'exhausted: stung with the thousand indignities I 'had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, 'and only wanted the gulph to receive me. I regard-'ed myself as one of those vile things that nature de-'signed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, 'there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, 'half a guinea left, and of that I thought nature her-'self should not deprive me; but in order to be sure 'of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it 'while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the 'rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it 'happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed inviting-'ly open to give me a welcome reception. In this 'office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his Majesty's sub-'jects a generous promise of 30*l.* a year, for which 'promise all they give in return is their liberty for

He narrowly escapes being sent to America as a slave.

'life, and permission to let him transport them to 'America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place 'where I could lose my fears in desperation, and en-'tered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, 'with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a 'number of poor creatures all in circumstances like 'myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, pre-'senting a true epitome of English impatience. Each 'untractable soul at variance with fortune, wreaked 'her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. Crispe 'at last came down, and all our murmurs were hush-'ed. He deigned to regard me with an air of pecu-'liar approbation, and indeed he was the first man 'who for a month past talked to me with smiles. Af-'ter a few questions, he found I was fit for every 'thing in the world. He paused a while upon the 'properest means of providing for me, and slapping 'his forehead, as if he had found it, assured me that 'there was at that time an embassy talked of from 'the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, 'and that he would use his interest to get me made 'secretary. I knew in my own heart the fellow lied, 'and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was 'something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, 'therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which 'went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and 'with the other half I resolved to go to the next ta-'vern, to be there more happy than he.

'As I was going out with that resolution, I was 'met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom 'I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he

'agreed

'agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. 'As I never chose to make a secret of my circum- 'stances, he assured me that I was on the very point 'of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises; 'for that he only designed to sell me to the planta- 'tions. "But," continued he, "I fancy you might "by a much shorter voyage be very easily put into a "genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My "ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam; what if you "go in her as a passenger? The moment you land "all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen En- "glish, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money "enough. I suppose you understand English," 'added he, "by this time, or the deuce is in it!" 'I confidentally assured him of that; but expressed a 'doubt, whether the Dutch would be willing to learn 'English. He affirmed with an oath that they were 'fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation 'I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next 'day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The 'wind was fair, our voyage short; and after having 'paid my passage with half my moveables, I found 'myself fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of 'the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation 'I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in 'teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or 'three of those I met whose appearance seemed most 'promising: but it was impossible to make ourselves 'mutually understood. It was not till this very mo- 'ment I recollected, that in order to teach Dutchmen 'English, it was necessary that they should first teach

me

'me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an 'objection, is to me amazing; but certain it is, I over-'looked it.

'This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts 'of fairly shipping back to England again; but drop-'ping into company with an Irish student, who was 'returning from Louvain, our conversation turned up-'on topics of literature (for, by the way, it may be 'observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my 'circumstances when I could converse upon such sub-'jects;) from him I learned that there were not two 'men in his whole university who understood Greek. 'This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to 'Louvain, and there lived by teaching Greek: and in 'this design I was heartened by my brother student, 'who threw out some hints that a fortune might be 'got by it.

'I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables, like 'Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for 'my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When 'I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneak-'ing to the lower professors, but openly tendered my 'talents to the principal himself. I went, had ad-'mittance, and offering him my service as a master 'of the Greek language, which I had been told was 'a desideratum in his university. The principal seem-'ed at first to doubt of my abilities; but of these I of-'fered to convince him by turning a part of any 'Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Find-'ing me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he address-

At the university of Louvain.

'ed me thus: "You see me, young man, I never "learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever "missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown "without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year "without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, "in short," 'continued he,' "as I don't know Greek, "I do not believe there is any good in it."

'I was not too far from home to think of return-'ing; so I resolved to go forward. I had some know-'ledge of music, with a tolerable voice; I now turn-'ed what was once my amusement into a present means 'of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants 'in Flanders, and among such of the French as were 'poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them 'sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever 'I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, 'I played one of my most merry tunes, and that pro-'cured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the 'next day. I once or twice attempted to play for 'people of fashion, but they always thought my per-'formance odious, and never rewarded me even with 'a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, 'as whenever I used in better days to play for com-'pany, when playing was my amusement, my music 'never failed to throw them into raptures, and the 'ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, 'it was received with contempt: a proof how ready 'the world is to under-rate those talents by which a 'man is supported.

'In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no de-'sign but just to look about me, and then to go for-

'ward

'ward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality; when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me! This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He enquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stept into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of *connoisseeto* so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe, that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. "But," says he, "as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of "picture-buying in Paris."

'With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living; and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improving my dress

'by

He accompanies a gentleman on his travels.

'by his assistance; and after some time accompanied 'him to auctions of pictures, where the English gen-'try were expected to be purchasers. I was not a 'little surprised at his intimacy with people of the 'best fashion, who referred themselves to his judge-'ment upon every picture or medal, as an unerring 'standard of taste. He made very good use of my 'assistance upon these occasions; for when asked his 'opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask 'mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the 'company, that he could give no opinion upon an af-'fair of so much importance. Yet there was some-'times an occasion for a more supported assurance. 'I remember to have seen him, after giving his opi-'nion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow 'enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown 'varnish that was accidentally lying by, and rub it 'over the piece with great composure before all the 'company, and then ask if he had not improved the 'tints.

'When he had finished his commission in Paris, 'he left me strongly recommended to several men of 'distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling 'tutor; and after some time, was employed in that 'capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to 'Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through 'Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's go-'vernor, but with a promise that he should always 'govern himself. My pupil in fact understood the 'art of guiding in money concerns much better than 'I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred

'thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West 'Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the 'management of it, had bound him apprentice to an 'attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: 'all his questions on the road were, how much mo-'ney might be saved; which was the least expensive 'course of travel; whether any thing could be bought 'that would turn to account when disposed of again 'in London. Such curiosities on the way as could 'be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; 'but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually 'asserted, that he had been told they were not worth 'seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not ob-'serve, how amazingly expensive travelling was! and 'all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When 'arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at 'the port and shipping, he enquired the expense of 'the passage by sea home to England. This he was 'informed was but a trifle, compared to his returning 'by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the 'temptation; so paying me the small part of my sa-'lary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with 'only one attendant for London.

'I now therefore was left once more upon the world 'at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. 'However, my skill in music could avail me nothing 'in a country where every peasant was a better mu-'sician than I; but by this time I had acquired ano-'ther talent which answered my purpose as well, and 'this was a skill in disputation: in all the foreign 'universities and convents there are, upon certain

'days

'days, philosophical thesis maintained against every 'adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion 'opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity 'in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In 'this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards 'England; walked along from city to city; examined 'mankind more nearly; and if I may so express it, 'saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, how-'ever, are but few: I found that manarchy was the 'best government for the poor to live in, and com-'mon-wealths for the rich. I found that riches in 'general were in every country another name for 'freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty him-'self, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of 'some individuals in society to his own.

'Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay 'my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volun-'teer in the first expedition that was going forward; 'but on my journey down, my resolutions were changed 'by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found be-'longed to a company of comedians that were going 'to make a summer campaign in the country. The 'company seemed not much to disapprove of me for 'an associate. They all, however, apprized me of 'the importance of the task at which I aimed; that 'the public was a many-headed monster, and that 'only such as had very good heads could please it: 'that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that 'without some traditional shrugs, which had been 'on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred 'years, I could never pretend to please. The next

The party is unexpectedly joined by Mr. Thornhill.

'difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost 'every character was in keeping. I was driven for 'some time from one character to another, till at last 'Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the 'present company has happily hindered me from 'acting.'

CHAP. II.

THE SHORT CONTINUANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AMONGST THE VICIOUS, WHICH IS COEVAL ONLY WITH MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

My son's account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time, his presence

His conduct described.

sence seemed only to increase the general good-humour.

After tea he called me aside, to enquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my enquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of the family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son: and upon my replying, that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret: 'For at best,' cried he, 'it is but divulging 'one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not 'be so guilty as we all imagine.' We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the squire to stand up at country-dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot shewed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He

Mr. Thornhill evinces his friendship for the vicar and his son.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest being sufficient to get an abatement of the other two: 'As for 'this trifling piece of service,' continued the young gentleman, 'I desire no other reward but the plea-'sure of having served my friend; and as for the hun-'dred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it 'yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay 'me at your leisure.' This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of. I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress, for Miss Wilmot actually loved him, he was leaving behind, any way damped

The vicar takes leave of the family, and returns home.

ed his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all that I had, my blessing: 'And now, my boy,' cried I, 'thou art going 'to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave 'grand-father fought for his sacred king, when loy-'alty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, 'and imitate him in all but his misfortunes; if it was 'a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my 'boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed and 'unwept by those that love you, the most precious 'tears are those with which Heaven bedews the un-'buried head of a soldier.'

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good-breeding procure, and returned towards home despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened among other topics, to talk of young squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much

as his uncle, Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there? to which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health. 'Mr. Symonds,' cried she, 'you use me very ill, 'and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the 'business is left for me to do, and the fourth left un-'finished, while you do nothing but soak with the 'guests all day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor 'were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop.' I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured out a glass, which she received with a curtsey and drinking towards my good health. 'Sir,' resumed she, 'it is not so much for the value of the 'liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when 'the house is going out of the windows. If the cus-'tomers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden 'lies upon my back; he'd as lief eat that glass as 'budge after them himself. There, now above stairs, 'we have a young woman who has come to take up 'her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got 'any money, by her over civility. I am certain she 'is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put

in

'in mind of it.'—'What signifies minding her,' cried the host; 'if she be slow, she is sure.'—'I don't 'know that,' replied the wife; 'but I know that I 'am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have 'not yet seen the cross of her money.'—'I suppose, 'my dear,' cried he, 'we shall have it all in a lump.' —'In a lump,' cried the other, 'I hope we may get 'it any way; and that I am resolved we will this very 'night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage.'—'Con- 'sider, my dear cried the husband, 'she is a gentle- 'woman, and deserves more respect.'—'As for the 'matter of that,' returned the hostess, 'gentle or 'simple, out she shall pack with a sassarara. Gen- 'try may be good things where they take; but for 'my part I never saw much good of them at the sign 'of the Harrow.' Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room over head, and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear the remonstrances very distinctly: 'Out, I say; 'pack out this moment! tramp, thou infamous strum- 'pet, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the bet- 'ter for these three months. What! you trumpery, 'to come and take up an honest house, without cross 'or coin to bless yourself with; come along, I say.'— 'O dear Madam,' cried the stranger, 'pity me, pity 'a poor abandoned creature, for one night, and death 'will soon do the rest.' I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child, Olivia. I flew to her rescue while the woman was dragging her along by the hair,

and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms.—'Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, 'my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Though 'the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world 'that will never forsake thee; though thou hast ten 'thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them 'all.'—'O my own dear,'—for minutes she could say no more,—'my own dearest good papa! Could an-'gels be kinder! How do I deserve so much? The 'villain, I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to 'so much goodness. You can't forgive me; I know 'you cannot.'—'Yes, my child, from my heart I do 'forgive thee: Only repent, and we both shall yet 'be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, 'my Olivia.'—'Ah! never, Sir, never. The rest of 'my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame 'at home. But, alas! papa, you look much paler 'than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am 'give you so much uneasiness? Sure you have too 'much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon 'yourself.'—'Our wisdom, young woman,' replied I. 'Ah, why so cold a name, papa?' cried she. 'This is the first time you ever called me by so cold 'a name.'—'I ask pardon, my darling,' returned I; 'but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but 'a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure 'one.'

The landlady now returned, to know if we did not chuse a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shewn to a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree

degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. That villain, Sir,' said she, 'from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable, though private proposals.

'Villain indeed,' cried I; 'and yet it in some measure surprises me how a person of Mr. Burchell's 'good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of 'such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family 'to undo it.'

'My dear papa,' returned my daughter, 'you labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never 'attempted to deceive me. Instead of that, he took 'every opportunity of privately admonishing me 'against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who, I now 'find, was even worse than he represented him.'— 'Mr. Thornhill!' interrupted I, 'can it be?'—'Yes, 'Sir,' returned she, 'it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who in fact were abandoned women of 'the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up 'to London. Their artifices, you may remember, 'would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them, 'which we all applied to ourselves. How he came 'to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend.'

'You amaze me, my dear,' cried I; 'but now I 'find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness 'were too well grounded: but he can triumph in se-

'curity; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell 'me, my child; sure it was no small temptation that 'could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an 'education, and so virtuous a disposition as thine?'

'Indeed, Sir,' replied she, 'he owes all his tri-'umph to the desire I had of making him, and not 'myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our 'marriage, which was privately performed by a po-'pish priest, was no way binding, and that I had no-'thing to trust to but his honour.'—'What,' inter-rupted I, 'and were you indeed married by a priest 'in orders?'—'Indeed, Sir, we were,' replied she, 'though we were both sworn to conceal his name.'—'Why then, my child, come to my arms again; and 'now you are a thousand times more welcome than 'before; for you are his wife to all intents and pur-'poses; nor can all the laws of man though written 'upon tablets of adamant, lessen the force of that sa-'cred connection.'

'Alas, papa,' replied she, 'you are but little ac-'quainted with his villanies: he has been married al-'ready, by the same priest, to six or eight wives 'more, whom, like me, he has deceived and aban-'doned.'

'Has he so!,' cried I, 'then we must hang the 'priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow.' —'But, Sir,' returned she, 'will that be right, 'when I am sworn to secresy!'—'My dear,' I re-plied, 'if you have made such a promise, I cannot, 'nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it 'may benefit the public, you must not inform against

'him. In all human institutions, a smaller evil is 'allowed to procure a greater good; as, in politics, 'a province may be given away to secure a kingdom; 'in medicine, a limb may be lopt off, to preserve the 'body. But in religion, the law is written, and in-'flexibly, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, 'is right; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil 'to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be 'thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advan-'tage. And though the advantage should certainly 'follow, yet the interval between commission and ad-'vantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that 'in which we are called away to answer for the things 'we have done, and the volume of human actions is 'closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear; go 'on.'

'The very next morning,' continued she, 'I found 'what little expectation I was to have from his sin-'cerity. That very morning he introduced me to 'two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had 'deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. 'I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his 'affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tu-'mult of pleasures. With this view, I danced, dress-'ed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gen-'tlemen who visited there told me every moment of 'the power of my charms, and this only contributed 'to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their 'power quite away. Thus each day I grew more 'pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the mon-'ster had the assurance to offer me to a young ba-

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'ronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, Sir, 'how his ingratitude stung me. My answer to this 'proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. 'As I was going, he offered me a purse; but I flung 'it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a 'rage that for a while kept me insensible of the mi- 'series of my situation. But I soon looked round me 'and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, with- 'out one friend in the world to apply to. Just in 'that interval, a stage-coach happening to pass by, 'I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven 'at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. 'I was set down here; where, since my arrival, my 'own anxiety, and this woman's unkindness, have 'been my only companions. The hours of pleasure 'that I have passed with my mamma and sister now 'grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much; but 'mine are greater than their's; for mine are mixed 'with guilt and infamy.'

'Have patience, my child:' cried I, 'and I hope 'things will yet be better. Take some repose to- 'night, and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your 'mother and the rest of the family, from whom you 'will receive a kind reception. Poor woman! this 'has gone to her heart: but she loves you still, Olivia, 'and will forget it.'

The vicar and his daughter pursue their journey homewards.

CHAP. III.

OFFENCES ARE EASILY PARDONED WHERE THERE IS LOVE AT BOTTOM.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us, than we to each other; and that the misfortunes of nature's making were but very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world, shewed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughters reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed

pointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frighted from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night wained apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distances. I approached my abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door: all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive out-cry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects

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The vicar expresses his joy at the preservation of his family.

of new terror; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. 'O misery! Where,' cried I, 'where 'are my little ones?'—'They are burnt to death in 'the flames,' said my wife calmly, 'and I will die 'with them.'—That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. 'Where, where 'are my children?' cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined, 'Where are my little ones?'—'Here, dear papa; here we are!' cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was going out, the roof sunk in. 'Now,' cried I, holding up my children, 'now let 'the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. 'Here they are, I have saved my treasure. Here, 'my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall 'yet be happy.' We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was

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The neighbours benevolently assist the distressed family.

therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen-utensils; so that by day-light we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbour and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one; and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for the recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent

my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother; whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. 'Ah! madam,' cried her mother, 'this 'is but a poor place you are come to after so much 'finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but 'little entertainment to persons who have kept com-'pany only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss 'Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very 'much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you.' During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, 'I entreat, woman, that my words may 'be now marked once for all; I have here brought 'you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to 'duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The 'real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us, 'let us not therefore increase them by dissension 'among each other. If we live harmoniously toge-'ther, we may yet be contented, as there are enough 'of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep 'each other in countenance. The kindness of Hea-'ven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be di-'rected by the example. Heaven, we are assured, 'is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, 'than ninety-nine persons who have supported a

The vicar strives to tranquillize the mind of his daughter.

'course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; 'for that single effort by which we stop short in the 'down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exer-'tion of virtue, than an hundred acts of justice.'

CHAP. IV.

NONE BUT THE GUILTY CAN BE LONG AND COMPLETELY MISERABLE.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist in repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repress his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing

unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasure. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister, brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentence, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for her's, collecting such amusing passages of history, as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. 'Our happiness, my 'dear,' I would say, 'is in the power of one who 'can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that 'mock our foresight. If example be necessary to 'prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us 'by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.'

'Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan 'nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a 'widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she 'stood one day caressing her infant son in the open 'window of an apartment, which hung over the river 'Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped 'from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant 'surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but far from being able to assist the 'infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to

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'the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers 'were plundering the country on that side, who im- 'mediately made her their prisoner.

'As the war was then carried on between the 'French and the Italians with the utmost inhumani- 'ty they were going at once to perpetrate those 'two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. 'This base resolution, however, was opposed by a 'young officer, who, though his retreat required the 'utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and 'brought her in safety to his native city. Her beau- 'ty at first caught his eye; her merit, soon after, 'his heart. They were married; he rose to the 'highest posts; they lived long together, and were 'happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be 'called permanent: after an interval of several years 'the troops which he commanded having met with 'a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city 'where he had lived with his wife. Here they suf- 'fered a siege, and the city at length was taken. 'Few histories can produce more various instances 'of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians 'at that time exercised upon each other. It was re- 'solved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all 'the French prisoners to death; but particularly the 'husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was prin- 'cipally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their 'determinations were, in general, executed almost 'as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was 'led forth, and the executioner with his sword, stood 'ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence await-

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The news of the intended marriage of Mr. Thornhill reaches the family.

'ed the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the 'general, who presided as judge, should give the 'signal. It was in this interval of anguish and ex-'pectation, that Matilda came to take the last fare-'well of her husband and deliverer, deploring her 'wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had 'saved her from perishing by a premature death in 'the river Volturna, to be the inspector of still great-'er calamities. The general, who was a young man, 'was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at 'her distress; but with still stronger emotions when 'he heard her mention her former dangers. He was 'her son, the infant for whom she had encountered 'so much danger; acknowledged her at once as his 'mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easi-'ly supposed: the captive was set free, and all the 'happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could con-'fer on earth, were united.'

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt; and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news served only to increase poor Olivia's affliction; for such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more

The vicar takes measures to thwart the intended marriage.

more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

'Why, let him if he can,' returned I: 'but, my 'son, observe this bed of straw, and unsheltering 'roof; those mouldering walls, and humid floor; my wretched

The feelings of Olivia at the accumulated distresses of the family.

wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my chil-
'dren weeping round me for bread: you have come
'home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here,
'you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds
'exchange situation. O, my children, if you could
'but learn to commune with your own hearts, and
'know that noble company you can make them, you
'would little regard the elegance and splendour of
'the worthless. Almost all men have been taught
'to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers.
'The similitude still may be improved, when we ob-
'serve that the good are joyful and serene, like tra-
'vellers that are going towards home; the wicked
'but by intervals happy, like travellers that are go-
'ing into exile.'

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution: but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of my family; nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round

They enjoy a portion of their former serenity.

and the song was demanded, and cheerfu ness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAP. V.

FRESH CALAMITIES.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honey-suckle bank, where, while we sate, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recal her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. 'Do, my pretty Olivia,' cried she, 'let us have that little melancholy air your 'papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already 'obliged us. Do, child, it will please your old fa-'ther.' She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

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The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, enquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. 'Sir,' replied I, 'your present 'assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of 'your character; and there was a time when I would 'have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus 'to appear before me. But now you are safe; for 'age has cooled my passions, and my calling re-'strains them.'

'I vow, my dear Sir,' returned he, 'I am amazed 'at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I 'hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion 'with me had any thing criminal in it.'

'Go,' cried I, 'thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful 'wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness 'secures you from my anger! Yet, Sir, I am de-'scended from a family that would not have borne 'this! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momen-'tary passion, thou hast made one poor creature

'wretched for life, and polluted a family that had 'nothing but honour for their portion.'

'If she or you,' returned he, 'are resolved to be 'miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be 'happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed 'of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute 'to it. We can marry her to another in a short time ; 'and what is more, she may keep her lover beside ; 'for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true re-'gard for her.'

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage. 'Avoid 'my sight, thou reptile!' cried I, 'nor continue to 'insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son 'at home, he would not suffer this ; but I am old and 'disabled, and every way undone.'

'I find,' cried he, 'you are bent upon obliging 'me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. 'But as I have shewn you what may be hoped from 'my friendship, it may not be improper to represent 'what may be the consequences of my resentment. 'My attorney, to whom your late bond has been 'transferred, threatens hard ; nor do I know how to 'prevent the course of justice, except by paying the 'money myself, which, as I have been at some ex-'pences lately, previous to my intended marriage, 'is not so easy to be done. And then my steward 'talks of driving for the rent : it is certain he knows 'his duty ; for I never trouble myself with affairs of

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Which are indignantly resented by the vicar.

'that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, 'and even to have you and your daughter present at 'my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized 'with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my 'charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will 'not refuse.'

'Mr. Thornhill,' replied I, 'hear me once for all: 'as to your marriage with any but my daughter that 'I never will consent to; and though your friendship 'could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink 'me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou 'hast once woefully, irreparably deceived me. I re- 'posed my heart upon thine honour, and have found 'its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friend- 'ship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has 'given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. 'Go and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and 'sorrow. Yet humbled as I am, shall my heart still 'vindicate its dignity, and though thou hast my for- 'giveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.'

'If so,' returned he, 'depend upon it you shall 'feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall short- 'ly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me.' Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters, also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow,

and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort—like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was, his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore intreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure—the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

'Why, my treasures,' cried I, 'why will you thus 'attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right! 'My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my con-'science will not permit me to approve. Would you 'have me applaud to the world what my heart must 'internally condemn? Would you have me tamely 'sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to 'avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling 'bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we 'are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to 'the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still

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'retire to a charming apartment, when we can look 'round our own hearts with intrepidity and with plea- 'sure!'

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

'My friends,' said I, 'this is severe weather in 'which you are come to take me to prison; and it 'is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of 'my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, 'and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want 'clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and 'old to walk far in such deep snow: but if it must 'be so—'

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious: and desired my son to assist his eldest sister; who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged

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His parishioners attempt to oppose his departure.

my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time my youngest daughter prepared for our departure, and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAP. VI.

NO SITUATION HOWEVER WRETCHED IT SEEMS, BUT HAS SOME SORT OF COMFORT ATTENDING IT.

We set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers who had a horse, kindly took her behind him: for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell, not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing

The vicar expostulates with his parishioners on their conduct.

ing they would never see their minister go to a gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequences might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

'What! my friends,' cried I, 'and is this the 'way you love me! Is this the manner you obey the 'instructions I have given you from the pulpit! 'Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down 'ruin on yourselves and me! Which is your ring-'leader? Shew me the man that has thus seduced 'you. As sure as he lives, he shall feel my resent-'ment. Alas! my poor deluded flock, return back 'to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and 'to me. I shall yet perhaps one day see you in great-'er felicity here, and contribute to make your lives 'more happy. But let it at least be my comfort 'when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting.'

They now seemed all repentance, and melting into tears, came one after the other to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any further interruption. Some hours before night we

They arrive at the prison.

reached the town, or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes for war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

'How,' cried I to myself, 'shall men so very 'wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy! I 'feel only the same confinement with them, and I 'think I have more reason to be happy.'

With

The friendly behaviour of a fellow prisoner.

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting therefore in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it: for if good, I might profit by his instruction; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

'That's unfortunate,' cried he, 'as you are allowed nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are heartily at your service.'

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a gaol, in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, *ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairon;* 'and in fact,' continued I, 'what is the world 'if it affords only solitude?'

'You talk of the world, Sir,' returned my fellow-prisoner; 'the world is in its dotage, and yet the

The vicar recognizes an old acquaintance in his fellow-prisoner.

'cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled 'the philosophers of every age. What a medley of 'opinions have they not broached upon the creation 'of the world. Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, 'and Ocellus Lacanus, have all attempted it in vain. 'The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai atelu-'taion to pan*, which implies—' 'I ask pardon, 'Sir,' cried I, 'for interrupting so much learning; 'but I think I have heard all this before. Have I 'not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Wel-'bridge fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkin-'son?' At this demand, he only sighed. 'I sup-'pose you must recollect,' resumed I, 'one Doctor 'Primrose, from whom you bought a horse.'

He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before. 'Yes, Sir,' returned Mr. Jenkinson, 'I remember you perfect-'ly well; I bought an horse, but forgot to pay for 'him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only 'prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes; 'for he intends to swear positively against me as a 'coiner. I am heartily sorry, Sir, I ever deceived 'you, or indeed any man; for you see,' continued he, shewing his shackles, 'what my tricks have 'brought me to.'

'Well, Sir,' replied I, 'your kindness in offering 'me assistance, when you could expect no return, 'shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or to-'tally suppress Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and I 'will send my son to him for that purpose the first

Who laments his departure from the principles of rectitude.

'opportunity; nor do I in the least doubt but he will 'comply with my request; and as to my own evi- 'dence, you need be under no uneasiness about that.'

'Well, Sir,' cried he, 'all the return I can make 'shall be your's. You shall have more than half my 'bed-clothes to-night, and I'll take care to stand 'your friend in the prison, where I think I have some 'influence.'

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared at least sixty. 'Sir,' answered he, 'you are a little 'acquainted with the world; I had at that time false 'hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting 'every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, Sir, 'had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a 'trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I 'might have been a rich man at this day. But, 'rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, 'perhaps when you least expect it.'

We were now prevented from farther conversation by the arrival of the gaoler's servants, who came to call over the prisoners' names and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having

praised

The vicar arranges the affairs of his family.

praised my heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAP. VII.

REFORMATION IN THE GAOL; TO MAKE LAWS COMPLETE THEY SHOULD REWARD AS WELL AS PUNISH.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed-side. The gloomy appearance of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next enquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense, for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers be in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing however, previously to know whether my little children

dren chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

'Well,' cried I, 'my good boys, how do you like 'your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this 'room, dark as it appears.'

'No, papa,' says Dick, 'I am not afraid to lie any 'where, where you are.'

'And I,' says Bill, who was yet but four years old, 'love every place best that my papa is in.'

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me: 'And as for you, my son,' continued I, 'it is by the 'labour of your hands we must all hope to be sup-'ported. Your wages as a day-labourer, will be 'full sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us 'all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen 'years old, and hast strength, and it was given 'thee, my son, for very useful purposes: for it must 'save from famine your helpless parents and family. 'Prepare then this evening to look out for work against 'to-morrow, and bring home every night what mo-'ney you earn for our support.'

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality, that invaded me on every side, drove me back to m apartment again. Here I sat for some time ponder-ing upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding

The vicar attempts a reformation in the prison.

finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and in spite of their contempt to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, and might lose

The vicar's exhortation to his fellow prisoners.

lose a great deal: 'For, be assured, my friends,' cried I, '(for you are my friends, however the world 'may disclaim your friendship) though you swore 'twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put 'one penny in your purse. Then what signifies 'calling every moment upon the devil, and courting 'his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses 'you. He has given you nothing here, you find, 'but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and, 'by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you 'nothing that's good hereafter.

'If used ill in our dealings with one man, we na-'turally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while 'then, just to try how you may like the usuage of ano-'ther Master, who gives you fair promises, at least, 'to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stu-'pidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, 'after robbing an house, runs to the thief-takers for 'protection. And yet how are you more wise? You 'are all seeking comfort from one that has already 'betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being 'than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy 'and then hang you: but he decoys and hangs, and, 'what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the 'hangman has done.'

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hope of making a refor-

mation here: for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family, for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview therefore seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

'Alas, doctor,' cried he, 'these children are too 'handsome and too good for such a place as this!'

'Why, Mr. Jenkinson,' replied I, 'thank Hea-'ven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals, and 'if they be good, it matters little for the rest.'

'I fancy, Sir,' returned my fellow-prisoner, 'that 'it must give you a great comfort to have this little 'family about you.'

'A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson!' replied I, 'yes, it 'is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without 'them for all the world; for they can make a dun-'geon seem a palace. There is but one way in this 'life of wounding my happiness, and that is by in-'juring them.'

'I am afraid, then, Sir,' cried he, 'that I am in

'some

As the person who cheated Moses at the fair.

'some measure culpable; for I think I see here,' (looking at my son Moses), 'one that I have injured, 'and by whom I wish to be forgiven.'

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. 'Yet,' continued he, 'I can't help wondering at what 'you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark 'for deception.'

'My dear Sir,' returned the other, 'it was not 'your face, but your white stockings and the black 'ribband on your hair, that allured me. But no dis-'paragement to your parts, I have deceived wiser 'men than you in my time; and yet, with all my 'tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me 'at last.'

'I suppose,' cried my son, 'that the narrative of 'such a life as your's must be extremely instructive 'and amusing.'

'Not much of either,' returned Mr. Jenkinson. 'Those relations which describe the tricks and vices 'only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, 'retard our success. The traveller that distrusts 'every person he meets, and turns back upon the 'appearance of every man that looks like a robber, 'seldom arrives in time at his journey's end.

'Indeed I think, from my own experience, that 'the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. 'I was thought cunning from my very childhood; 'when but seven years old, the ladies would say that 'I was a perfect little man: at fourteen I knew the

'world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at 'twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every 'one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust 'me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in 'my own defence, and have lived ever since, my 'head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my 'heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used 'often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour 'Flamborough, and one way or another generally 'cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man 'went forward without suspicion, and grew rich 'while I still continued tricksy and cunning, and 'was poor, without the consolation of being honest. 'However,' continued he, 'let me know your case, 'and what has brought you here; perhaps, though 'I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may ex-'tricate my friends.'

In compliance with this curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon something materal, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

CHAP.

The vicar pursues his plan of reforming the prisoners.

CHAP. VIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alledging, the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

'Excuse me,' returned I; 'these people, however 'fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to 'my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to 'enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruc-'tion I communicate may not mend them, yet it will 'assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my 'children, were princes, there would be thousands 'ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, 'the heart that is buried in a dungeon, is as precious 'as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if 'I can mend them I will; perhaps they will not all 'despise me: perhaps I may catch up even one from 'the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there 'upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?'

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some goal trick to play upon the doctor. Thus

as

He has reason to applaud his perseverance.

as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry 'Amen!' in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slily picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dextrously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous groupe of little beings could do; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought

by a general subscription, and when manufactured, sold by my appointment: so that each earned something every day; a trifle, indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity: that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands—it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives of virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validily of that right, which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard

gard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse, shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live, than one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between an hundred and an hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are

are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased—as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears—all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should shew more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people. We should then find, that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a

Few minds so debased as not to admit of some amendment.

momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAP. IX.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY RATHER THE RESULT OF PRUDENCE THAN OF VIRTUE IN THIS LIFE; TEMPORAL EVILS OR FELICITIES BEING REGARDED BY HEAVEN AS THINGS MERELY IN THEMSELVES TRIFLING, AND UNWORTHY ITS CARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION.

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

'I am glad to see thee, my dear,' cried I; 'but 'why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you 'have

'have too great a regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my 'own. Be cheerful, child, and we may yet see happier days.'

'You have ever, Sir,' replied she, 'been kind to 'me, and it adds to my pain that I shall never have 'an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for 'me here; and I long to be rid of a place where I 'have only found distress. Indeed, Sir, I wish you 'would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill; 'it may, in some measure, induce him to pity you, 'and it will give me relief in dying.'

'Never, child,' replied I, 'never will I be brought 'to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute; for though 'the world may look upon your offence with scorn, 'let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, 'not of guilt. My dear, I am no ways miserable 'in this place, however dismal it may seem; and be 'assured that, while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you 'more wretched by marrying another.'

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family were not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. 'Besides,' added he, 'I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the 'union of man and wife, which you do at present, by

The vicar still refuses to acquiesce in the oppression of his landlord.

'refusing to consent to a match which you cannot 'hinder, but may render unhappy.'

'Sir,' replied I, 'you are unacquainted with the 'man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no 'submission I can make could procure me liberty 'even for an hour. I am told that, even in this very 'room, a debtor of his, no later than last year, died 'for want. But though my submission and approba-'tion could transfer me from hence to the most beau-'tiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant 'neither, as something whispers me that it would 'be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daugh-'ter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be 'legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I 'should be the basest of men, from any resentment 'of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who 'wish for an union. No, villain as he is, I should 'then wish him married, to prevent the consequences 'of his future debaucheries. But now should I not 'be the most cruel of all fathers, to sign an instru-'ment which must send my child to the grave, mere-'ly to avoid a prison myself; and thus, to escape one 'pang, break my child's heart with a thousand?' He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a pri-soner. 'However,' continued he, 'though you re-'fuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no 'objection to laying your case before the uncle, who 'has the first character in the kingdom for every thing 'that is just and good. I would advise you to send

'him

'him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's 'ill usage, and my life for it that in three days you 'shall have an answer.' I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions; however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety, to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the mean time was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter: the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and, while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declining faster than mine, every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my

my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came—she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow prisoner some time after came with the last account. He bade me be patient—she was dead! The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not cry, for I was now too old to weep. 'And is not my 'sister an angel now, papa,' cried the eldest; 'and 'why then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an 'angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were 'with me.'—'Yes,' added my youngest darling, 'heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than 'this; and there are none but good people there, and 'the people here are very bad.'

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle by observing that, now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

'Heaven be praised,' replied I, 'there is no pride 'left me now. I should detest my own heart, if I 'saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On 'the

A fresh instance of the Squire's inhumanity and insolence.

'the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my 'parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an 'unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, Sir, I 'have no resentment now; and, though he has taken 'from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, 'though he has wrung my heart, for I am sick al-'most to fainting, very sick, my fellow prisoner, 'yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I 'am now willing to approve his marriage; and if 'this submission can do him any pleasure, let him 'know, that if I have done him any injury I am 'sorry for it.' Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink; and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of the landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved: and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies,

ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

'Well, Sir,' said I to my fellow prisoner, 'you 'now discover the temper of the man who oppresses 'me. He can at once be facetious and cruel; but, 'let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in 'spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now 'drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I 'approach it: this expectation cheers my afflictions; 'and though I leave a helpless family of orphans 'behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken; 'some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them 'for the sake of their poor father, and some may 'charitably relieve them for the sake of their Hea-'venly Father.'

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable, to speak. 'Why, my 'love,' cried I, 'why will you thus increase my af-'flictions by your own? What though no submis-'sion can turn our severe master, though he has 'doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, 'and though we have lost a darling child, yet still 'you will find comfort in your other children when 'I shall be no more.'—'We have indeed lost,' returned she, 'a darling child! My Sophia, my 'dearest, is gone—snatched from us, carried off by 'ruffians!'

'How, Madam!' cried my fellow prisoner, 'Miss 'Sophia carried off by villains! Sure it cannot be?'

She could only answer with a fixed look, and a flood

Sophia is waylaid, and carried off.

flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account: she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopt. Upon which a well-drest man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

'Now,' cried I, 'the sum of my miseries is made 'up, nor is it in the power of any thing on earth to 'give me another pang. What! not one left! not 'leave me one! the monster: the child that was 'next my heart! she had the beauty of an angel, 'and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support 'that woman, nor let her fall. Not to leave me one!' —'Alas, my husband,' said my wife, 'you seem to 'want comfort more even than I. Our distresses are 'great; but I could bear this and more, if I saw you 'but easy. They may take away my children, and 'all the world, if they leave me but you.'

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate our grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.—'My 'child,' cried I, 'look round the world, and see if 'there be any happiness left me now. Is not every 'ray of comfort shut out; while all our bright pros-'pects only lie beyond the grave?'—'My dear father,' returned he, 'I hope there is still something that will

'give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a 'letter from my brother George.'—'What of him, 'my child?' interrupted I; 'does he know our mi-'sery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of 'what his wretched family suffers?'—'Yes, Sir,' returned he, 'he his perfectly gay, cheerful, and hap-'py. His letter brings nothing but good news; he 'is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to pro-'cure him the very next lieutenancy that becomes va-'cant!'

'And are you sure of all this?' cried my wife; 'are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?' —'Nothing, indeed, Madam,' returned my son; 'you shall see the letter, which will give you the 'highest pleasure: and if any thing can procure you 'comfort, I am sure that will.'—'But are you sure,' still repeated she, 'that the letter is from himself, 'and that he is really so happy?'—'Yes, Madam,' replied he, 'it is certainly his, and he will one day 'be the credit and the support of our family!'—'Then 'I thank Providence,' cried she, 'that my last let-'ter to him has miscaried. Yes, my dear,' continued she, turning to me, 'I will now confess, 'that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in 'other instances, it has been favourable here. By 'the last letter I wrote to my son, which was in the 'bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mo-'ther's blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to 'see justice done his father and sister, and avenge 'our cause. But, thanks be to Him who directs all 'things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest.' 'Wo-

'man!'

'man!' cried I, 'thou hast done very ill, and at 'another time my reproaches might have been more 'severe. O! what a tremendous gulf hast thou 'escaped, that would have buried both thee and him 'in endless ruin. Providence, indeed, has here been 'kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved 'that son to be the father and protector of my chil-'dren when I shall be away. How unjustly did I 'complain of being stript of every comfort, when 'still I hear that he is happy and insensible of our 'afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his wi-'dowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sis-'ters. But what sisters has he left? he has no sis-'ters now; they are all gone, robbed from me, and 'I am undone!'—'Father,' interrupted my son, 'I 'beg you will give me leave to read his letter; I 'know it will please you.' Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

'HONOURED SIR,

'I have called off my imagination a few moments 'from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon 'objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little 'fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless 'group as listening to every line of this with great 'composure. I view those faces with delight, which 'never felt the deforming hand of ambition or dis-'tress. But, whatever your happiness may be at home, 'I am sure it will be some addition to it to hear that 'I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every 'way happy here.

'Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to

The family is gratified by the receipt of his letter.

'leave the kingdom; the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies 'where he is acquainted, and, after my first visit, I 'generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with 'Lady G——, and, could I forget you know whom, 'I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate 'still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends; and in this 'number, I fear, Sir, that I must consider you, for I 'have long expected the pleasure of a letter from 'home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia, too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell 'them that they are two arrant little baggages, and 'that I am this moment in a most violent passion 'with them; yet still, I know not how, though I 'want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only 'to softer emotions. Then tell them, Sir, that, after 'all, I love them affectionately; and be assured of 'my ever remaining your dutiful son.'

'In all our miseries,' cried I, 'what thanks have 'we not to return, that one at least of our family is 'exempted from what we suffer! Heaven be his 'guard, and keep my boy thus happy to be the supporter of his widowed mother, and the father of these 'two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now 'bequeath him! May he keep their innocence from 'the temptations of want, and be their conductor 'in the paths of honour!' I had scarce said these words, when a noise, like that of a tumult, seemed to proceed from the prison below. It died away soon after,

after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son! 'My George! my George! and do I behold thee 'thus? Wounded! fettered! Is this thy happi-'ness? Is this the manner you return to me? O 'that this sight could break my heart at once, and 'let me die!'

'Where, Sir, is your fortitude?' returned my son, with an intrepid voice; 'I must suffer, my life is for-'feited, and let them take it.'

I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort. 'O, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee 'thus, and I cannot, cannot help it! In the moment 'I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to 'behold thee thus again! chained, wounded! And 'yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am 'old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day— 'to see my children all untimely falling about me, 'while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of 'ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall 'heavy upon the murderer of my children! May he 'live, like me, to see'—

'Hold, Sir,' replied my son, 'or I shall blush for 'thee. How, Sir! forgetful of your age, your holy 'calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and 'fling those curses upward that must soon descend

'to

'to crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, 'Sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile 'death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope 'and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that 'bitterness which must shortly be my portion.'

'My child, you must not die! I am sure no offence 'of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My 'George could never be guilty of any crime to make 'his ancestors ashamed of him.'

'Mine, Sir,' returned my son, 'is, I fear, an un-'pardonable one. When I received my mother's let-'ter from home, I immediately came down, deter-'mined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and 'sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, 'not in person, but by despatching four of his domes-'tics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted 'me, and, I fear, desperately: but the rest made me 'their prisoner. The coward is determined to put 'the law in execution against me; the proofs are un-'deniable; I have sent a challenge; and, as I am the 'first aggressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of 'pardon. But you have often charmed me with your 'lessons of fortitude; let me now, Sir, find them in 'your example.'

'And, my son, you shall find them. I am now 'raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can 'produce. From this moment I break from my heart 'all the ties that held it down to earth, and will pre-'pare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I 'will point out the way, and my soul shall guide 'yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight to-'gether.

'gether. I now see, and am convinced, you can 'expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you 'to seek it at that greatest tribunal where we both 'shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly 'in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners 'have a share.—Good gaoler, let them be permitted 'to stand here, while I attempt to improve them.' Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel; my son and his mother supported me on either side; I looked, and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAP. X.

THE EQUAL DEALINGS OF PROVIDENCE DEMONSTRATED WITH REGARD TO THE HAPPY AND THE MISERABLE HERE BELOW. THAT, FROM THE NATURE OF PLEASURE AND PAIN, THE WRETCHED MUST BE REPAID THE BALANCE OF THEIR SUFFERINGS IN THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

'My friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, 'when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil 'here below, I find that much has been given man to 'enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should 'examine the whole world, we shall not find one man 'so happy as to have nothing left to wish for: but we 'daily see thousands, who, by suicide, show us they 'have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it ap-'pears that we cannot be entirely blest; but we may 'be completely miserable.

'Why man should thus feel pain; why our wretch-'edness should be requisite in the formation of uni-'versal felicity; why, when all other systems are 'made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate 'parts, the great system should require, for its per-'fection, parts that are not only subordinate to others, 'but imperfect in themselves—these are questions that 'never can be explained, and might be useless if 'known. On this subject Providence has thought 'fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us 'motives to consolation.

'In

Religion the refuge of the miserable.

'In this situation, man has called in the friendly 'assistance of philosophy; and Heaven, seeing the 'incapacity of that to console him, has given him 'the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy 'are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us 'that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy 'them; and, on the other hand, that, though we una-'voidably have miseries here, life is short, and they 'will soon be over. Thus do these consolations de-'stroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its 'shortness must be misery; and if it be long, our 'griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; 'but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is 'here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing 'it for another abode. When the good man leaves 'the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he 'has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, 'while the wretch that has been maimed and con-'taminated by his vices shrinks from his body with 'terror, and finds that he has anticipated the venge-'ance of Heaven. To religion, then, we must 'hold, in every circumstance of life, for our truest 'comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a plea-'sure to think that we can make that happiness un-'ending; and if we are miserable, it is very con-'soling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, 'to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of 'bliss; to the wretched, a change from pain.

'But though religion is very kind to all men, it 'has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy; the 'sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and

'the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in 'our sacred law. The author of our religion every 'where professes himself the wretch's friend; and, 'unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his 'caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have 'censured this as partiality, as a preference, with-'out merit to deserve it. But they never reflect that 'it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make 'the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the 'happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity 'is but a single blessing, since, at most, it but in-'creases what they already possess. To the latter, 'it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their 'pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss 'hereafter.

'But Providence is in another respect kinder to the 'poor than to the rich; for as it thus makes the life 'after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage 'there. The wretched have had a long familiarity 'with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays 'himself quietly down, with no possessions to regret, 'and but few ties to stop his departure: he feels only 'nature's pang in the final separation, and this in 'no way greater than he has often fainted under 'before; for after a certain degree of pain, every 'new breach that death opens in the constitution, 'nature kindly covers with insensibility.

'Thus Providence has given to the wretched two 'advantages over the happy in this life—greater 'felicity in dying, and in Heaven all that superiority 'of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment.

'And

'And this superiority, my friends, is no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of 'the poor man in the parable; for though he was 'already in Heaven, and felt all the raptures it could 'give, yet it was mentioned, as an addition to his 'happiness, that he had once been wretched, and 'now was comforted; that he had known what it 'was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to 'be happy.

'Thus, my friends, you see religion does what 'philosophy could never do: it shews the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and 'levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same 'standard. It gives both to rich and poor the same 'happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after 'it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying 'pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction 'of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when 'crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even 'though it should be called a small advantage, yet, 'being an eternal one, it must make up, by duration, 'what the temporal happiness of the great may have 'exceeded by intenseness.

'These are, therefore, the consolations which the 'wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which 'they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below them. They who would know 'the miseries of the poor must see life and endure 'it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they 'enjoy is only repeating what none either believe 'or practise. The men who have the necessaries of

'living are not poor; and they who want them must 'be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be mise-'rable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can 'soothe the wants of nature, can give elastic sweet-'ness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease the 'throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher 'from his couch of softness tell us we can resist all 'these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is 'still the greatest pain. Death is light, and any man 'may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these 'no man can endure.

'To us, then, my friends, the promises of happi-'ness in Heaven should be peculiarly dear; for, if our 'reward be in this life alone, we are, indeed, of all 'men, the most miserable. When I look round 'these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to 'confine us; this light, that only serves to shew the 'horrors of the place; those shackles, that tyranny 'has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I sur-'vey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans— 'O, my friends, what a glorious exchange would 'Heaven be for these! To fly through regions un-'confined as air—to bask in the sun-shine of eternal 'bliss—to carol over endless hymns of praise—to 'have no master to threaten or insult us, but the 'form of goodness himself for ever in our eyes: when 'I think of these things, Death becomes the messen-'ger of very glad tidings; when I think of these 'things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of his 'support; when I think of these things, what is there 'in life worth having? when I think of these things,

'what

'what is there that should not be spurned away? 'Kings in their palaces should groan for such advan-'tages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn 'for them.

'And shall these things be ours? Ours they will 'certainly be, if we but try for them; and, what is a 'comfort, we are shut out from many temptations 'that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for 'them, and they will certainly be ours; and, what is 'still a comfort, shortly too: for if we look back on 'past life, it appears but a very short span; and what-'ever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be 'found of less duration; as we grow older, the days 'seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with Time 'ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let 'us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our 'journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy 'burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though Death, 'the only friend of the wretched, for a little while 'mocks the weary traveller with the view, and, like 'the horizon, still flies before him; yet the time will 'certainly and shortly come when we shall cease from 'our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world 'shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall 'think with pleasure on our sufferings below; when 'we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such 'as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be 'unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.'

CHAP. XI.

HAPPIER PROSPECTS BEGIN TO APPEAR. LET US BE INFLEXIBLE, AND FORTUNE WILL AT LAST CHANGE IN OUR FAVOUR.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty; observing that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and, grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again, therefore, laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the gaoler came, with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found! Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran

ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also shewed her pleasure. 'Here, papa,' cried the charming girl, 'here is the 'brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gen-'tleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness 'and safety.'—A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than her's, interrupted what she was going to add.

'Ah, Mr. Burchell,' cried I, 'this is but a wretched 'habitation you find us in; and we are now very 'different from what you last saw us. You were 'ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors 'with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. 'After the vile usage you then received at my hands, 'I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope 'you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base un-'generous wretch, who, under the mask of friend-'ship, has undone me!'

'It is impossible,' replied Mr. Burchell, 'that I 'should forgive you, as you never deserved my re-'sentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and, as 'it was out of my power to restrain, I could only 'pity it!'

'It was ever my conjecture,' cried I, 'that your 'mind was noble; but now I find it so.—But tell me, 'my dear child, how hast thou been relieved, or who 'the ruffians were that carried thee away?'

'Indeed, Sir,' replied she, 'as to the villain who 'carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my 'mamma and I were walking out, he came behind 'us, and, almost before I could call for help, forced

'me

'me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses 'drove away. I met several on the road, to whom 'I cried out for assistance; but they disregarded my 'intreaties. In the mean time the ruffian himself 'used every art to hinder me from crying out: he 'flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore 'that, if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. 'In the mean time, I had broken the canvass that he 'had drawn up, and whom should I perceive, at some 'distance, but your old friend, Mr. Burchell, walk-'ing along with his usual swiftness, with the great 'stick for which we used so much to ridicule him? 'As soon as we came within hearing I called out to 'him by name, and intreated his help. I repeat-'ed my exclamations several times; upon which, 'with a very loud voice, he bid the postilion stop; 'but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still 'greater speed. I now thought he could never over-'take us, when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr. 'Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, 'and, with one blow, knocked the postilion to the 'ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon 'stopped of themselves; and the ruffian stepping 'out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and 'ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr. Burchell, 'running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then 'pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he 'made his escape. I was at this time come out my-'self, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon re-'turned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was 'recovered, was going to make his escape too; but

'Mr. Burchell

The Vicar offers his daughter in marriage to Mr. Burchell.

'Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount 'again, and drive back to town. Finding it impos- 'sible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the 'wound he had received seemed, to me at least, to 'be dangerous. He continued to complain of the 'pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited 'Mr. Burchell's compassion; who, at my request, 'exchanged him for another at an inn where we 'called on our return.'

'Welcome, then,' cried I, 'my child; and thou, her 'gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though 'our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready 'to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you 'have delivered my girl, if you think her a recom- 'pense, she is yours: if you can stoop to an alliance 'with a family so poor as mine, take her; obtain her 'consent, as I know you have her heart, and you 'have mine. And let me tell you, Sir, that I give 'you no small treasure; she has been celebrated for 'beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning—I 'give you up a treasure in her mind.'

'But I suppose, Sir,' cried Mr. Burchell, 'that 'you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my 'incapacity to support her as she deserves?'

'If your present objection,' replied I, 'be meant 'as an evasion of my offer, I desist; but I know no 'man so worthy to deserve her as you; and if I could 'give her thousands, and thousands sought her from 'me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my 'dearest choice.'

To all this, his silence alone seemed to give a mor-

Mr. Burchell orders refreshment from a neighbouring inn.

tifying refusal; and, without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn? to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me; adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once; and, though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner; a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-drest dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful; the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble: so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted; and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name was George? to which replying

He discovers himself to be the celebrated Sir William Thornhill.

plying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. 'Come on,' cried I, 'my son! though 'we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been 'pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. 'Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deli- 'verer; to that brave man it is that I am indebted 'for yet having a daughter: give him, my boy, the 'hand of friendship; he deserves our warmest grati 'tude.'

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. 'My dear brother,' cried his sister, 'why don't you 'thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever 'love each other.'

He still continued his silence and astonishment; till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is a still greater, which is, the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, 'I again 'find,' said he, 'unthinking boy, that the same 'crime'—But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to

the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. 'Bid the fellow wait,' cried our guest, 'till I shall 'have leisure to receive him;' and then, turning to my son, 'I again find, Sir,' proceeded he, 'that 'you are guilty of the same offence for which you 'once had my reproof, and for which the law is now 'preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, 'perhaps, that a contempt of your own life gives 'you a right to take that of another; but where, Sir, 'is the difference between a duellist, who hazards a 'life of no value, and the murderer, who acts with 'greater security? Is it any diminution of the game-'ster's fraud, when he alleges that he has staked a 'counter?'

'Alas, Sir,' cried I, 'whoever you are, pity the 'poor misguided creature; for what he has done was 'in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bit-'terness of her resentment, required him upon her 'blessing to avenge her quarrel. Here, Sir, is the 'letter, which will serve to convince you of her im-'prudence, and diminish his guilt.'

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. 'This,' says he, 'though not a perfect excuse, is such a pal-'liation of his fault as induces me to forgive him.— 'And now, Sir,' continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, 'I see you are surprised at finding 'me here; but I have often visited prisons upon oc-'casions less interesting. I am now come to see jus-'tice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most 'sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spec-

'tator

'tator of thy father's benevolence. I have at his 'little dwelling enjoyed respect uncontaminated by 'flattery, and have received that happiness that courts 'could not give, from the amusing simplicity around 'his fire-side. My nephew has been apprized of my 'intention of coming here, and I find is arrived; it 'would be wronging him and you to condemn him 'without examination: if there be injury, there shall 'be redress; and this I may say without boasting, 'that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir Wil-'liam Thornhill.'

We now found that the personage whom we had long entertained as a harmless amusing companion was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

'Ah, Sir,' cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, 'how is it possible that I can ever have your forgive-'ness? The slights you received from me the last time 'I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the 'jokes which I audaciously threw out—these, Sir, I 'fear, can never be forgiven.'

'My

Jenkinson is dispatched after Timothy Baxter,

'My dear good lady,' returned he, with a smile, 'if you had your joke, I had my answer; I'll leave 'it to all the company if mine were not as good as 'your's. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I 'am disposed to be angry with at present but the 'fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had 'not even time to examine the rascal's person, so as 'to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell 'me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him 'again?'

'Indeed, Sir,' replied she, 'I can't be positive; 'yet, now I recollect, he had a large mark over one 'of his eye-brows.'—'I ask pardon, Madam,' interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, 'but be so good as 'to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?' —'Yes, I think so,' cried Sophia.—'And did your 'honour,' continued he, turning to Sir William, 'observe the length of his legs?'—'I can't be sure 'of their length,' cried the baronet, 'but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he outran me, which 'is what I thought few men in the kingdom could 'have done.'—'Please your honour,' cried Jenkinson, 'I know the man; it is certainly the same; the best 'runner in England; he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle: Timothy Baxter is his name; I know him 'perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two 'of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him 'to you in an hour at farthest.' Upon this the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. 'Yes, please your honour,

as the person who carried off Sophia.

'nour,' replied the gaoler, 'I know Sir William 'Thornhill well; and every body that knows any 'thing of him will desire to know more of him.' 'Well, then,' said the baronet, 'my request is, that 'you will permit this man and two of your servants 'to go upon a message by my authority; and, as I 'am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to 'secure you.'—'Your promise is sufficient,' replied the other; 'and you may, at a minute's warning, 'send them over England whenever your honour 'thinks fit.'

In pursuance of the gaoler's compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William's neck, in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her, and, taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, 'What, Bill, you chubby rogue,' cried he, 'do you 'remember your old friend Burchell? and Dick, too, 'my honest veteran, are you here? you shall find I 'have not forgot you.' So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold: but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being

being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But, before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

The interview between Sir William and his nephew.

CHAP. XII.

FORMER BENEVOLENCE NOW REPAID WITH UNEXPECTED INTEREST.

MR. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. 'No fawning, Sir, at present,' cried the baronet, with a look of severity: 'the only way to my 'heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see 'complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and 'oppression.—How is it, Sir, that this poor man, 'for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used 'thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a 'recompense for his hospitality, and he himself 'thrown into prison, perhaps but for resenting the 'insult? His son, too, whom you feared to face as 'a man—'

'Is it possible, Sir, interrupted his nephew, that 'my uncle should object that as a crime, which his 'repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to 'avoid?'

'Your rebuke,' cried Sir William, 'is just; you 'have acted in this instance prudently and well, 'though not quite as your father would have done; 'my brother indeed was the soul of honour; but

'thou——yes, you have acted in this instance per-
'fectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.'

'And I hope,' said his nephew, 'that the rest of
'my conduct will not be found to deserve censure.
'I appeared, Sir, with this gentleman's daughter
'at some places of public amusement; thus, what
'was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and
'it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited
'on her father in person, willing to clear the thing
'to his satisfaction, and he received me only with
'insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to
'his being here, my attorney and steward can best
'inform you, as I commit the management of busi-
'ness entirely to them. If he has contracted debts,
'and is unwilling, or even unable, to pay them, it
'is their business to proceed in this manner; and I
'see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most
'legal means of redress.'

'If this,' cried Sir William, 'be as you have
'stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your of-
'fences; and though your conduct might have been
'more generous, in not suffering this gentleman to
'be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has
'been at least equitable.'

'He cannot contradict a single particular,' replied the squire; 'I defy him to do so, and several of my 'servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, Sir,' continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him; 'thus, Sir, my own inno-
'cence is vindicated: but though at your entreaty I
'am ready to forgive this gentleman every other of-

'fence,

towards the Vicar and his family.

'fence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem 'excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, 'too, at a time when his son was actually preparing 'to take away my life; this, I say, was such guilt, 'that I am determined to let the law take its course. 'I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it; one of my servants has 'been wounded dangerously; and even though my 'uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know 'he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and 'he shall suffer for it.'

'Thou monster!' cried my wife, 'hast thou not 'had vengeance enough already, but must my poor 'boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir Wil-'liam will protect us, for my son is as innocent as 'a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to 'man.'

'Madam,' replied the good man, 'your wishes 'for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am 'sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew 'persists—' But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler's two servants now called off our attention, who entered hauling in a tall man, very genteelly drest, and answering the description already given of that ruffian who had carried off my daughter.—'Here,' cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, 'here 'we have him; and, if ever there was a candidate for 'Tyburn, this is one.'

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Jenkinson, who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink backward with terror. His face

became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopt him. 'What, squire,' cried he, 'are 'you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jen- 'kinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all 'great men forget their friends, though I am resolved 'we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please 'your honour,' continued he, turning to Sir William, 'has already confessed all. This is the gentleman 'reported to be dangerously wounded: he declares 'that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon 'this affair; that he gave him the clothes he now 'wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished 'him with a post-chaise. The plan was laid be- 'tween them, that he should carry off the young 'lady to a place of safety, and that there he should 'threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to 'come in, in the mean time, as if by accident, to 'her rescue, and that they should fight awhile, and 'then he was to have run off, by which Mr. Thorn- 'hill would have the better opportunity of gaining 'her affections himself, under the character of her 'defender.'

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account; concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

'Heavens,' cried Sir William, 'what a viper have 'I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of pub- 'lic

and confronted by his base associates.

'lic justice too as he seemed to be! But he shall 'have it; secure him, Mr. Gaoler—yet hold, I fear 'there is not legal evidence to detain him.'

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that his servants should be examined. 'Your servants!' replied Sir William; 'wretch! call them yours no 'longer: but come; let us hear what those fellows 'have to say; let his butler be called.'

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master's looks that all his power was now over. 'Tell me,' cried Sir William sternly, 'have you ever seen your master, and that fel-'low dressed up in his clothes, in company toge-'ther?'—'Yes, please your honour,' cried the butler, 'a thousand times: he was the man that always 'brought him his ladies.'—'How,' interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, 'this to my face!'—'Yes,' replied the butler, 'or to any man's face. To tell you a 'truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you 'or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a 'piece of my mind.'—'Now then,' cried Jenkinson, 'tell his honour whether you know any thing of me.' —'I can't say,' replied the butler, 'that I know much 'good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter 'was deluded to our house, you was one of them.'— 'So then,' cried Sir William, 'I find you have 'brought a very fine witness to prove your inno-'cence: thou stain to humanity! to associate with 'such wretches!—But' (continuing his examination)

'you

'you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person 'who brought him this old gentleman's daughter.'— 'No, please your honour,' replied the butler, 'he 'did not bring her, for the squire himself undertook 'that business; but he brought the priest that pre- 'tended to marry them.'—'It is but too true,' cried Jenkinson, 'I cannot deny it; that was the employ- 'ment assigned to me, and I confess it to my confu- 'sion.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed the baronet, 'how 'every new discovery of his villany alarms me! All 'his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present pro- 'secution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and 'revenge. At my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this young 'officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for 'the consequences. I'll make it my business to set 'the affair in a proper light to my friend, the magi- 'strate, who has committed him. But where is the 'unfortunate young lady herself? let her appear to 'confront this wretch; I long to know by what arts 'he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in. Where 'is she?'

'Ah! Sir,' said I, 'that question stings me to the 'heart; I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but 'her miseries'—Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was the next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill? Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman, her father,

were

who accidentally discovers the circumstances of the family.

were passing through the town, on the way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and, instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of her going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual: she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on, without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her beauty. 'Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill,' cried she to the squire, who she supposed was come here to

to succour, and not to oppress us, 'I take it a little 'unkindly that you should come here without me, or 'never inform me of the situation of a family so dear 'to us both: you know I should take as much pleasure 'in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master 'here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I 'find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in 'doing good in secret.'

'He find pleasure in doing good!' cried Sir William, interrupting her; 'no, my dear, his pleasures 'are as base as he is. You see in him, Madam, as 'complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A 'wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man's 'daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her 'sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the 'eldest son into fetters, because he had the courage 'to face his betrayer! And, give me leave, Madam, 'now to congratulate you upon an escape from the 'embraces of such a monster!'

'O goodness,' cried the lovely girl, 'how have I 'been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for 'certain that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain 'Primrose, was gone off to America with his new-'married lady.'

'My sweetest Miss,' cried my wife, 'he has told 'you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never 'left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Though 'you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too 'well to think of any body else; and I have heard 'him say he would die a bachelor for your sake.' She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of

of her son's passion; she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light; from thence she made a rapid digression to the squire's debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ending with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

'Good Heavens!' cried Miss Wilmot, 'how very 'near have I been to the brink of ruin; but how great 'is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand 'falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at 'last art enough to persuade me that my promise 'to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, 'since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I 'was taught to detest one equally brave and gene-'rous!'

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson, also, who had acted as his valet-de-chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and, without vanity (for I am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart for having forgotten her former promise, and

having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—'Sure, Madam,' cried he, 'this is but delusion! I can never have merited 'this! To be blest thus is to be too happy!'—'No, 'Sir,' replied she, 'I have been deceived, basely 'deceived, else nothing could have ever made me 'unjust to my promise. You know my friendship— 'you have long known it—but forget what I have 'done; and, as you once had my warmest vows of 'constancy, you shall now have them repeated; and 'be assured that, if your Arabella cannot be your's, 'she shall never be another's.'—'And no other's you 'shall be,' cried Sir William, 'if I have any influence 'with your father.'

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the mean time the squire perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus laying aside all shame, he appeared the open and hardy villain. 'I find, then,' cried he, 'that I am to expect no jus- 'tice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me. 'You shall know, Sir,' turning to Sir William, 'I 'am no longer a poor dependant upon your favours. 'I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's 'fortune from me, which, I thank her father's assi- 'duity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond

'for

The Captain is afforded an opportunity of shewing his disinterested love.

'for her fortune, are signed, and safe in my posses-
'sion. It was her fortune, not her person, that in-
'duced me to wish for this match; and, possessed of
'the one, let who will take the other.'

This was an alarming blow; Sir William was sensible of the justness of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage-articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him? 'Though fortune,' said she, 'is out of my 'power, at least I have my hand to give.'

'And that, Madam,' cried her real lover, 'was, 'indeed, all that you ever had to give; at least, all 'that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I 'now protest, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your 'want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, 'as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sin-'cerity.'

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match; but, finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal; but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying speculation, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety.

The union of the lovers is consented to by all parties.

'I must confess, Sir,' cried he, 'that your present 'disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your 'immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. 'But, though the young lady cannot be rich, she has 'a still sufficient competence to give content. Here 'you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to 'take her without fortune. They have long loved 'each other; and, for the friendship I bear his father, 'my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. 'Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, 'and for once admit that happiness which courts your 'acceptance.'

'Sir William,' replied the old gentleman, 'be 'assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will 'I now. If she still continues to love this young 'gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. 'There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, 'and your promise will make it something more. 'Only let my old friend here' (meaning me) 'give 'me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon 'my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and 'I am ready this night to be the first to join them 'together.'

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. 'After all my misfortunes,' cried my son George, 'to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I

'could

'could ever have presumed to hope for. To be pos-
'sessed of all that's good, and after such an interval
'of pain! my warmest wishes could never rise so
'high!'—'Yes, my George,' returned his lovely bride, 'now let the wretch take my fortune; since 'you are happy without it, so am I. O what an 'exchange have I made, from the basest of men to 'the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune; I 'now can be happy even in indigence.'—'And I 'promise you,' cried the squire, with a malicious grin, 'that I shall be very happy with what you de-'spise.'—'Hold, hold, Sir,' cried Jenkinson, 'there 'are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's 'fortune, Sir, you shall never touch a single stiver 'of it.—Pray, your honour,' continued he to Sir William, 'can the squire have this lady's fortune if 'he be married to another?'—'How can you make 'such a simple demand?' replied the baronet; 'un-'doubtedly he cannot.'—'I am sorry for that,' cried Jenkinson; 'for, as this gentleman and I have been 'old fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. 'But I must declare, well as I love him, that his 'contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is 'married already.' 'You lie like a rascal,' returned the squire, who seemed roused by this insult; 'I 'never was legally married to any woman.'—'In-'deed, begging your honour's pardon,' replied the other, 'you were: and I hope you will shew a pro-'per return of friendship to your own honest Jen-'kinson, who brings you a wife; and, if the company 'restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall

'see

'see her.' So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. 'Aye, let him go,' cried the squire; 'whatever else I may have done, I defy 'him there. I am too old now to be frightened with 'squibs.'

'I am surprised,' said the baronet, 'what the fel-'low can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, 'I suppose!'—'Perhaps, Sir,' replied I, 'he may 'have a more serious meaning. For, when we reflect 'on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to 'seduce innocence, perhaps some one more artful 'than the rest has been found able to deceive him. 'When we consider what numbers he has ruined, 'how many parents now feel, with anguish, the in-'famy and the contamination which he has brought 'into their families, it would not surprise me if some 'of them—Amazement! Do I see my lost daugh-'ter? Do I hold her? It is, it is! my life, my hap-'piness! I thought thee lost, my Olivia; yet still 'I hold thee, and still thou shalt live to bless me!' The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures. 'And art thou re-'turned to me, my darling,' cried I, 'to be my 'comfort in age?'—'That she is,' cried Jenkinson, 'and make much of her, for she is your own ho-'nourable child, and as honest a woman as any in 'the whole room, let the other be who she will.— 'And as for you, squire, as sure as you stand there,

'this

General satisfaction is diffused through the whole company.

'this young lady is your lawful wedded wife, and, to 'convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here 'is the license by which you were married together.' So saying, he put the license into the baronet's hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect. 'And now, gentlemen,' continued he, 'I find you 'are surprised at all this: but a very few words will 'explain the difficulty. That there squire of renown, 'for whom I have a great friendship, (but that's be-'tween ourselves,) has often employed me in doing 'odd little things for him. Among the rest, he com-'missioned me to procure him a false license and a 'false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. 'But, as I was very much his friend, what did I do 'but went and got a true license and a true priest, 'and married them both as fast as the cloth could 'make them? Perhaps you'll think it was gene-'rosity made me do all this. But, no—to my shame 'I confess it—my only design was to keep the license, 'and let the squire know that I could prove it upon 'him whenever I thought proper, and to make him 'come down whenever I wanted money.' A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy even reached the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathized,

——— And shook their chains
In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheeks seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends, and fortune, at once was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress

The Squire is reduced to a state of abject submission.

gress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But, perhaps, among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusive. 'How could 'you,' cried I, turning to Jenkinson, 'how could 'you add to my miseries by the story of her death? 'But it matters not: my pleasure at finding her 'again is more than a recompense for the pain.'

'As to your question,' replied Jenkinson, 'that 'is easily answered. I thought the only probable 'means of freeing you from prison was by submit-'ting to the squire, and consenting to his marriage 'with the other young lady. But these you had 'vowed never to grant while your daughter was 'living: there was, therefore, no other method to 'bring things to bear, but by persuading you that 'she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in 'the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity 'of undeceiving you till now.'

In the whole assembly there now appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him; he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and, after pausing a few moments, 'Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude,' cried he, 'deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be

'entirely

Olivia is saluted by the company as Mrs. Thornhill.

'entirely forsaken; a bare competence shall be sup-
'plied to support the wants of life, but not its follies.
'This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in posses-
'sion of a third part of that fortune, which once was
'thine; and from her tenderness alone thou art to
'expect any extraordinary supplies for the future.'
He was going to express his gratitude for such kind-
ness in a set speech; but the baronet prevented him,
by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which
was already but too apparent. He ordered him at
the same time to be gone, and from all his former
domestics to chuse one, such as he should think pro-
per, which was all that should be granted to attend
him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely
stept up to his new niece with a smile, and wished
her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wil-
mot and her father; my wife, too, kissed her daugh-
ter with much affection, as, to use her own expres-
sion, she was now made an honest woman of. So-
phia and Moses followed in turn, and even our be-
nefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that
honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable
of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure
was in doing good, now looked round, with a coun-
tenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy
in the looks of all, except that of my daughter So-
phia, who, for some reasons we could not compre-
hend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. 'I think
'now,' cried he, with a smile, 'that all the com-
'pany, except one or two, seem perfectly happy.

'There only remains an act of justice for me to do. 'You are sensible, Sir,' continued he, turning to me, 'of the obligations we both owe to Mr. Jen-'kinson; and it is but just we should both reward 'him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make 'him very happy, and he shall have from me five 'hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I 'am sure they can live very comfortably together. 'Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match 'of my making? Will you have him?' My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. 'Have him, Sir!' cried she, faintly; 'No, Sir, never.'—'What,' cried he again, 'not Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor; a 'handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds 'and good expectations?'—'I beg, Sir,' returned she, scarce able to speak, 'that you'll desist, and 'not make me so very wretched.'—'Was ever such 'obstinacy known,' cried he again, 'to refuse the 'man whom the family has such infinite obligations 'to, who has preserved your sister, and who has 'five hundred pounds! What, not have him!'—'No, Sir, never,' replied she, angrily; 'I'd sooner 'die first!'—'If that be the case then,' cried he, 'if you will not have him—I think I must have you 'myself.' And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. 'My loveliest, my most sen-'sible of girls,' cried he, 'how could you ever think 'your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir 'William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a 'mistress that loved him for himself alone? I have

'for

The prison is exchanged for a comfortable Inn.

'for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger 'to my fortune, could think I had merit as a man. 'After having tried in vain, even among the pert and 'the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture, to 'have made a conquest over such sense and such 'heavenly beauty!' Then turning to Jenkinson, 'As I cannot, Sir, part with this young lady my-'self, for she hath taken a fancy to the cut of my 'face, all the recompense I can make is, to give 'you her fortune, and you may call upon my stew-'ard to-morrow for five hundred pounds.' Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the mean time, Sir William's gentleman appeared, to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left the gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provision distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to with-

draw; and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE next morning as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting at my bedside, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept this offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform

form me, that as he had the night before sent for the licenses, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment, they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which premised no easy solution. This was which couple should be married first; my son's bride warmly insisted, that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead: but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy, and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, 'I perceive,' cried I, 'that none of you have a mind to be married, and I 'think we had as good go back again; for I sup-

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'pose there will be no business done here to-day.' This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family, by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamborough's alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other; (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but number of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me, but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but finding them quite disheartened by this harsh reproof, he gave them half-a-guinea a piece, to drink his health and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken

And consequently hilarity of the company.

taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus; when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides: but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who I could perceive was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving all the meat for all the company. But notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remembered: old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, 'Madam, I thank you.' Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamborough's would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away

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to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fire side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for—all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

END OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

ESSAYS,

ON

MEN AND MANNERS.

ESSAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humour. In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer, finds himself. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour is turned to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, I am at a loss whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. Should I modestly decline all merit, it is too probable the hasty reader may take me at my word. If, on the other hand, like labourers in the magazine trade, I humbly presume to promise an epitome of all the good things that were ever said or written, those readers I most desire to please may forsake me.

My bookseller, in this dilemma, perceiving my em-

barrassment, instantly offered his assistance and advice. 'You must know, sir,' says he, 'that the republic of letters is at present divided into several classes. One writer excels at a plan, or a title-page; another works away at the body of the book; and a third is a dab at an index. Thus a magazine is not the result of any single man's industry, but goes through as many hands as a new pin, before it is fit for the public. I fancy, sir,' continues he, 'I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little; and pay them, as Colonel Charteris paid his seraglio, at the rate of three-half-pence in hand, and three shillings more in promises.'

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by assuring him, that as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan: determined never to be tedious in order to be logical; wherever pleasure presented, I was resolved to follow.

It will be improper, therefore, to pall the reader's curiosity by lessening his surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him, by saying what shall come next. Happy, could any effort of mine but repress one criminal pleasure, or but for a moment fill up an interval of anxiety! How gladly would I lead mankind from the vain prospects of life, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity!

But, whatever may be the merit of his intentions, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted

indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in its favour. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming-table, may be received with perfect indifference should it happen to drop in a mackerel boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer, who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who with persuasive eloquence promises four extraordinary pages of letter-press, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

Thus, then, though I cannot promise as much entertainment, or as much elegance, as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly

assure

assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have, are heartily at his service; which if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull, or low, or sad stuff, this I protest is more than I know; I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible; he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even a fourth, in case of extremity: if he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes in the Rehearsal, that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance: but still, if my readers impute the general tenor of my subject to me as a fault, I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, found himself in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin; a deformity which, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest beauty. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins, and no men were beaux whose faces were not broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday; a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church-door,

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the eyes of all were naturally fixed on the stranger; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin! Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers, circulated from visage to visage; the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gaiety. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object of deformity to point at. 'Good folks,' said he, 'I perceive that I am a very ridiculous figure here, but I assure you I am reckoned no way deformed at home.'

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP;

OR THE

STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

(Taken from a Byzantine Historian.)

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolised.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together; the one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives

tives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did, with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love;

love; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess: in short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the powerful influence of a party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a

slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered: he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed amongst the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags, as he was, none of the citizens would harbour

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so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep, and found on his flinty couch more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was

soon diverted by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared: but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and joy. Need the sequel be related?—Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve.

ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

When I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure. I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth, thought cross purposes the highest stretch of human

human wit, and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion continue! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession: some may be awkward, others ill dressed: but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life: yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! a happy constitution supplied philosophy; and, though seemingly

seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception. If she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring

retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress: he persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When Fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes,) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humour, laughed at all the little spite of his enemies, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is, to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it: for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is still going forward among those people, who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its silly ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said

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to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. 'I leave my second son Andrew,' said the expiring miser, 'my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.' Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. 'I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds.' 'Ah! father,' cried Simon, in great affliction to be sure, 'may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!' At last, turning to poor Dick, 'As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter.' 'Ah! father,' cries Dick, without any emotion, 'may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!' This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears

pears at a ball, at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce, at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others: by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

DESCRIPTION OF VARIOUS CLUBS.

I REMEMBER to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom Brown's works), that, let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion, be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St. James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffee-house, and damn the nation because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic, he may sit in silence at the Humdrum club in Ivy-lane; and, if actually mad, he may find very good company in Moorfields,

either at Bedlam or the Foundry, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although such as have a knowledge of the town, may easily class themselves with tempers congenial to their own, a countryman who comes to live in London finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more assiduity, or came off with such indifferent success. I spent a whole season in the search, during which time my name has been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings, without number. To some I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertisement; to these I introduced myself, and to those I changed my name to gain admittance. In short, no coquette was ever more solicitous to match her ribands to her complexion, than I to suit my club to my temper; for I was too obstinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The first club I entered upon coming to town, was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had, for some time, begun upon business. The grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority

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of genius in men who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking; but, though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat, or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the grand, who had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was, upon this, whispered by one of the company who sat next to me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavoured to excuse himself: for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were over-ruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain; and instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain, and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number; however, not to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, 'Bravo! encore!' and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste, and the ardour of my approbation; and whispering told me I had suffered an im-

mense loss; for, had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard Gee-ho Dobbin sung in a tip-top manner by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow: but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us the 'Softly sweet, in Lydian measure,' of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a welch dialogue, with the humours of Teague and Taffy: after that came on Old Jackson, with a story between every stanza: next was sung the Dust-Cart, and then Solomon's Song. The glass began now to circulate pretty freely; those who were silent when sober, would now be heard in their turn; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest: he begged to be heard while he gave Death and the Lady in high taste; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges; nothing was now heard but singing; voice rose above voice, and the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drunk out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned, the most melancholy of our lives: never was so much noise so quickly quelled, as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord. 'Drunk out!' was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table: 'drunk out already! that was very odd! that so much punch could be drunk out already! impossible!'

sible!' The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to retreat from his first assurances, the company was dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented; which, he fancied, would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. 'We have, at the Muzzy club,' says he, 'no riotous mirth nor awkward ribaldry; no confusion or bawling; all is conducted with wisdom and decency: besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds; men of prudence and foresight every one of them: these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you.' I was charmed at the proposal: to be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend; not indeed to the company, for, though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach; but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth, and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society! thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each

each other pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half-hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth; every time the pipe was laid down, I expected it was to speak; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I imputed their silence, I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me; to whom I observed, that the beer was extreme good: my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco-smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks. 'Ah!' says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, 'that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—sir, my service to you—where was I?'

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is four-pence each; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations

recommendations are requisite, except the introductory four-pence, and my landlord's good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club-night; we discussed the topic of the day, drank each other's healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Currycomb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night; and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chin-cough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament man with whom he was intimately acquainted; while the bug-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig, and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the ghost in Cock-lane: he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar, over the table, while the president vainly knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the combination of these voices which I could hear all together, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under parts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We

Description of various clubs.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

'So, sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed-post'—'Says my lord to me, my dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have so high'—'A damnable false heretical opinion of all sound doctrine and good learning: for I'll tell it aloud, and spare not that'—'Silence for a song; Mr. Leathersides for a song'—'As I was walking upon the high way, I met a young damsel'—'Then what brings you here says the parson to the Ghost'—'Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus'—'The whole way from Islington turnpike to Dog-house bar.'—'Dam'—'As for Abel Drugger, sir, he's damn'd low in it: my prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he'—'For murder will out one time or another; and none but a ghost, you know, gentlemen, can'—'Damme if I don't; for my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament man, a man of consequence, a dear, honest creature, to be sure; we were laughing last night at'—'Death and damnation upon all his posterity by simply barely tasting'—'Sour grapes, as the fox said once when he could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell you a story about that which will make you burst

burst your sides with laughing. A fox once'—'Will nobody listen to the song?'—'As I was a walking upon the high way, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay'—'No ghost, Gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all my life, and that was stabbed in the belly with a'—'My blood and soul if I don't'—'Mr. Bellowsmender, I have the honour of drinking your very good health'—'Blast me if I do'—'Dam'—'Blood'—'Bugs'—'Fire'—'Whizz'—'Blid'—'Tit'—'Rat'—'Trip'—The rest all riot, nonsense and rapid confusion.

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity?

Fatigued with this society, I was introduced, the following night, to a club of fashion. On taking my place, I found the conversation sufficiently easy, and tolerably good-natured; for my lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myself completely fitted, and, resolving to seek no farther, determined to take up my residence here for the winter: while my temper began to open insensibly to the cheerfulness I saw diffused on every face in the room: but the delusion soon vanished, when the waiter came to apprize us that his lordship and Sir Paul were just arrived.

From this moment all our felicity was at an end; our new guests bustled into the room, and took their seats at the head of the table. Adieu now all confi-

dence; every creature strove who should most recommend himself to our members of distinction. Each seemed quite regardless of pleasing any but our new guests; and what before wore the appearance of friendship, was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not observe that, amidst all this flattery and obsequious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew; and his lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silk-worms; he led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, sunning, and hatching; with an episode on mulberry-trees, a digression upon grass seeds, and a long parenthesis about his new postillion. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last; but all in vain:

'Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose.'

The last club in which I was enrolled a member was a society of moral philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a week, in order to show the absurdity of the present mode of religion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing when I arrived; not indeed about religion or ethics, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary sixpence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the company.

During

Description of various clubs

During this contest, I had an opportunity of observing the laws, and also the members, of the society: The president, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall, pale figure, with a long black wig; the next to him was dressed in a large white wig, and a black cravat; a third, by the brownness of his complexion, seemed a native of Jamaica; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blacksmith. But their rules will give the most just idea of their learning and principles.

'I. We, being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intend to dispute twice a week about religion and priestcraft; leaving behind us old wives' tales, and following good learning and sound sense: and if so be, that any other persons has a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in punch.

'II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting three-pence, to be spent by the company in punch.

'III. That as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay sixpence upon his entering the room; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority; and all fines shall be paid in punch.

'IV. That sixpence shall be every night given to the president, in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society; the president has already put himself to a good deal of expense in buying books for the club; particularly the works of Tully, So-

crates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

'V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who, being a philosopher, and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying sixpence only, to be spent in punch.

'VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordinary meeting, it shall be advertised by some outlandish name in the newspapers.

SAUNDERS MAC WILD, president.
ANTHONY BLEWIT, vice-president,
his ✕ mark.
WILLIAM TURPIN, secretary.'

ON THE POLICY OF CONCEALING OUR WANTS OR POVERTY.

IT is usually said by grammarians, that the use of language is to express our wants and desires; but men who know the world, hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private, is the most likely person to have them redressed; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants, as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, there appears something

so

so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller: and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass of the rich, as the miser, who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of morality. Seneca himself allows, that, in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine; and must know, that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him; but, should his wants be such, that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum. A certain young fellow, whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred; and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of clothes, always made

made the proposal in a laced coat; for he found by experience, that, if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his tailor had taken an oath against trusting, or, what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home for some time.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible witheach other; and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast, for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt: the mind may, for some time, fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

In fact, pity, though it may often relieve, is but, at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than a transitory assistance: with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space; and on some of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate for half an hour together: but still, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give five farthings, from others we give pounds: whatever be our feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the

the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility; and, like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker; till, at last, our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good-natured fellow, who is now no more. He was bred in a counting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him a handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife; and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking; and he at last considered, that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the use of a hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money.

'And

'And pray, sir,' replied the scrivener, 'do you want all this money?' 'Want it, sir!' says the other: 'if I did not want it I should not have asked it.'—'I am sorry for that,' says the friend; 'for those who want money when they borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, sir, money is money now; and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; he that has got a little, is a fool if he does not keep what he has got.'

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, who he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. 'Let me see; you want a hundred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer.'—'If you have but fifty to spare, sir, I must be contented.'—'Fifty to spare! I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me.'—'Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend.'—'And pray,' replied the friend, 'would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know? You know, my dear sir, that you need make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend; and when you choose a bit of dinner or so——You, Tom see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant.'

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love,

love which he could not have from friendship. A young lady, a distant relation by the mother's side, had her fortune in her own hands: and, as she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit, he made his proposal with confidence. He soon, however, perceived, that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every day now began to strip my poor friend of his former finery; his clothes flew, piece by piece, to the pawnbroker's, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But still he thought himself secure from actual necessity; the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner, because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw him in was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask table-cloth; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was over-done. But all this procured him no invitation: finding, therefore,

the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a second walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent-street or the Mall, whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's, might I be permitted to advise as a friend, never seem to want the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress: you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but from compassion never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened even by wisdom, is seldom expected to close without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of Poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of peas soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed peas-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Samson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company that

that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride, was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out: but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise: pride in the great is hateful; in the wise it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

ON GENEROSITY AND JUSTICE.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such, that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the confusion of a request. His liberality also does not oblige more by its greatness, than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounties to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple jus-

tice in satisfying creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and, from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society, and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitating to the latter, for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This I allow is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice

On generosity and justice.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue: and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind

passion

passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterised as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation; men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society, had we more of these characters amongst us. In general these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him; and the populace, who seldom love a miser,

miser, wherever he went, followed him with shouts of contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. He had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price! wherefore that whole fortune which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues, of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakingly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on those supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients, to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. 'It is possible, that the person you relieve may be an honest man; and I know that you, who relieve him, are such. You see then, by your generosity, that you rob

rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue: and, while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself.'

ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet it is a little surprising that it has been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner. They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to individuals and to society; and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject, instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject, the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where his slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation. However, such are the whimsical and erroneous productions written upon this subject. Their authors have studied to be uncommon, not to be just; and, at present, we want

want a treatise upon education, not to tell us any thing new, but to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous: a desire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to destroy the former.

I shall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which, though known, have not been attended to by others; and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated, is, some in free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right; if there were a possibility of having even our free-schools kept a little out of town it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of, perhaps, the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth; I have found, by experience, that they, who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding-schools, are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them: otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions, he finds his last resource in setting up a

school. Do any become bankrupts in trade, they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people, could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health, of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe; and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the state? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but surely, with great ease, it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all professions in society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a schoolmaster; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people; a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth. But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make

make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

It is true we have schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is only one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be a hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say, that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergyman, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country, to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is commonly some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. 'You give your child to be educated to a slave,' says a philosopher to a rich man; 'instead of one slave, you will then have two.'

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher, as well as the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is

generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys: the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule: the master himself, now and then, cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such little ceremony! If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniences, where the masters and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world; and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school;

school; but, it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance: and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage; since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit, 'plus occidit gula quam gladius.' And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. Locke, and some others, have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions; but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep, to a surprising degree; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered first, how many lives are lost in this ascetic practice; had they considered, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long-lived as they who have led a more indolent life; that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country; had they considered, that what physicians call

call the 'stamina vitæ,' by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age; that the number who survive those rude trials, bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment; had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should only drink sea-water; but they unfortunately all died under the trial.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite; as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though ever so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them is to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone, they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject, may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well, had we more misers than we have amongst us. I know few characters more

useful

useful in society: for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him, no way injures the commonwealth; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such a one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he, at last, became lord-mayor; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune and beauty: to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or a hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils, than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which

which they may afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phænomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. 'Ut cùm in forum venerint, existiment se in alium terrarum orbem delatos.' We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phænomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement; the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours: and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown; the causes

should

should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college-course; and, though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burthened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination: instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burthened by a number of disgusting names that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is

generally applauded so much, that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible, I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest, lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has, of late, a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor, than the most florid harangue, or the most pathetic tones, that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client!

client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens; the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach them to be poets; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method, or connection, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties, would not be the most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the

exercise of the mind alone, that a language is learned; but a literal translation on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for them for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me, only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner; but perhaps loading him with trifling subtilties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves; and I know of no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never

never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but, though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but I know not how; there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him: his accusers stood forth; he had liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the panel, he was consigned to the footman, who attended in the house, and had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

ON THE VERSATILITY OF POPULAR FAVOUR.

An alehouse keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the late war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia; who may probably be changed in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican, in this, imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, it is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own, I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least, I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good, men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood

neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were also some knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, 'Vides, mi fili, quam leve discriminem patibulum inter et statuum:—You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue.' If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands; for as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. 'Pox take these fools,' he would say; 'how much joy might all this bawling give my lord mayor!'

We have seen those virtues which have, while living,

living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior, even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. 'What! have you never heard of that immortal poet?' returned the other, much surprised; 'that light of the eyes, that favourite

favourite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousin to the moon?' 'Nothing at all, indeed, sir,' returned the other. 'Alas!' cries our traveller, 'to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartar enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China?'

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their turn. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? No times so important as our own; ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music, the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were

be-praised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago, the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold, that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a herring-fishery.

SPECIMEN OF A MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.

We essayists, who are allowed but one subject at a time, are by no means so fortunate as the writers of magazines, who write upon several. If a magaziner be dull upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the ghost in Cock-lane; if the reader begins to doze upon that, he is quickly roused by an eastern tale; tales prepare us for poetry, and poetry for the meteorological history of the weather. It is the life and soul of a magazine, never to be long dull upon one subject; and the reader, like the sailor's horse,

horse, has at least the comfortable refreshment of having the spur often changed.

As I see no reason why they should carry off all the rewards of genius, I have some thoughts, for the future, of making my essays a magazine in miniature: I shall hop from subject to subject, and, if properly encouraged, I intend in time to adorn my *feuille-volant* with pictures. But to begin, in the usual form, with

A modest Address to the Public in behalf of the Infernal Magazine.

The public has been so often imposed on by the unperforming promises of others, that it is with the utmost modesty we assure them of our inviolable design of giving the very best collection that ever astonished society. The public we honour and regard, and therefore to instruct and entertain them is our highest ambition, with labours calculated as well to the head as the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letter-press be any recommendation of our wit, we may at least boast the honour of vindicating our own abilities. To say more in favour of the Infernal Magazine, would be unworthy the public; to say less, would be injurious to ourselves. As we have no interested motives for this undertaking, being a society of gentlemen of distinction, we disdain to eat or write like hirelings; we are all gentlemen, and therefore are resolved to sell our magazine for sixpence, merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the Infernal Magazine.

DEDICATION,

To that most ingenious of all Patrons, the Tripoline Ambassador.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

As your taste in the fine arts is universally allowed and admired, permit the authors of the Infernal Magazine to lay the following sheets humbly at your excellency's toe; and should our labours ever have the happiness of one day adorning the courts of Fez, we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honoured, shall be ever retained with the most warm ardour by,

May it please your Excellency,

Your most devoted humble servants,

The Authors of the Infernal Magazine.

A SPEECH,

SPOKEN BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER,

To persuade his Club at Cateaton not to declare War against Spain.

My honest friends and brother politicians, I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday, as we were told, the stocks rose, and you were glad; to-day they fall, and you

you are again miserable. But, my dear friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us, who have no money. Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this: but, my good Mr. Bellows-mender, what is all this to you or me? You must mend broken bellows, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me, my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your own reason, both that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society; and, as we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common sense then, my good friends, let the great keep watch over us, and let us mind our business, and perhaps we may at last get money ourselves, and set beggars at work in our turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to translate for your instruction. An author, called Lily's Grammar, finely observes, that 'Æs in presenti perfectum format;' that is, 'Ready money makes a perfect man.' Let us then become perfect men, by getting ready money, and let them, that will, spend theirs by going to war with Spain.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR,

DRAWN UP BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER.

If you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man,

man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon the corner of a chair, in a remote corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse; for it is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation or a bad voice.

If you be young, and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy. I was disinherited myself for liking gravy.

Don't laugh much in public: the spectators that are not as merry as you, will hate you, either because they envy your happiness, or fancy themselves the subject of your mirth.

RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL.

Translated from the Latin of Danæus de Sortiariis, a writer cotemporary with Calvin, and one of the Reformers of our Church.

The person who desires to raise the devil, is to sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen place, either under the eye-lid, or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he has power given him over three spirits; one for earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assembly

bly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occasion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The deity instructs them in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon occasion through the air. He shows them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them, *viz.* to ask them, in proper form, what method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the superior power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one; wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

BEAU TIBBS: A CHARACTER.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified

qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed: we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Charles,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively, I had fancied you had gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.' During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness: his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore

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by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply; in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. 'Psha, psha, Charles,' cries the figure, 'no more of that if you love me: you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet faith I despise the great as much as you do: but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. Ned, says he to me, Ned, says he, I will hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night. Poaching! my lord, says I; faith you have missed already; for I staid at home and let the girls poach for me. That is my way: I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey: stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth.'

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow,' cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company.' 'Improved!' replied the other; 'you shall know—but let it go no farther,—a great

secret—five hundred a year to begin with.—My lord's word of honour for it—His lordship took me in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forgot, sir,' cried I, 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town?' 'Did I say so?' replied he coolly. 'To be sure, if I said so, it was so.—Dined in town: egad, now I remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too: for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I will tell you a pleasant affair about that: we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go no farther; a secret: Well, says I, I will hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that—But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature: lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But hark'ee, ask me for it the next time we meet; or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.'

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress,' cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interest of society, and, perhaps, for his own, Heaven has made him poor: and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he

he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but, when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all: condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt; to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright children into duty.'

BEAU TIBBS—CONTINUED.

THERE are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of Temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, 'Blast me,' cries he, with an air of vivacity, 'I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen.'—'No company,' interrupted I, peevishly, 'no company where there is such a crowd! Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?' 'Lord, my dear,' returned he with the utmost good humour, 'you seem immensely chagrined; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave; and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature: she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch.

A charming

A charming body of voice! But no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no farther; she is but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar, immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her, but let that be a secret.'

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particlar aversion to every frequented street; at last however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaked staircase; when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, 'Then,' said he, 'I shall show you one of the most charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I

sometimes

sometimes pleasantly tell him I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener.'

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice, with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded, 'Wha's there?' My conductor answered, that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old maid servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was. 'Good troth,' replied she in the northern dialect, 'she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer.' —'My two shirts!' cried he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, 'what does the idiot mean?'—'I ken what I mean well enough,' replied the other; 'she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because—' 'Fire and fury, no more of thy stupid explanations, cried he. Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag,' continued he, turning to me, 'to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of her's, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the

the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret.'

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibb's arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture: which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumber-cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarine without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which he observed were all of his own drawing. 'What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; its my own face; and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for hang it, that would be mechanical, you know.'

The wife at last made her appearance; at once a slattern and coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 'And, indeed, my dear,' added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank your health in a bumper.'—'Poor Jack!' cries he, 'a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and

little

little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a——' 'Or what do you think, my dear,' interrupts the wife, 'of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?'—'The very thing,' replies he; 'it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.'

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr. Tibbs assuring me, that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

ON THE IRRESOLUTION OF YOUTH.

As it has been observed that few are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves, so in this respect I find myself perfectly authorised to offer mine: and must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called.

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On the irresolution of youth.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth, and comfort in old age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjuror and a tailor once happened to converse together. 'Alas!' cries the tailor, 'what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to.'—'Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely,' replies the conjuror; 'but, thank heaven, things are not quite so bad with me: for, if one trick should fail, I have an hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time

you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you.' A famine overspread the land; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could fine none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich, and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond side; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian

goose

goose flew at him like fury, pecked at him with her beak, and slapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, 'A pox take thee,' cries he, 'for a fool; sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil.' So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in general applauded; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture

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one universal blot, not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. 'Well,' cries the painter, 'I now find, that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one half of it.'

ON MAD DOGS.

INDULGENT nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain for a few days beyond the expected season, in some parts of the globe, spreads famine, desolation, and terror, over the whole country; but in this fortunate island of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But, though the nation be exempt from real evils, it is not more happy on this account than others. The people are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence; but then there is a disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange

strange ravages among them; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people; what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of Epidemic Terror.

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same; one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf, the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail, the third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat, and the fourth it carries consternation in the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful, the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frighted; the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay; each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for, when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection

circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy, if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of being tamely bit by mad dogs no longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient Gothic custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burnt for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand upon the defensive, and bite, then is he unanimously found guilty, for 'a mad dog always snaps at every thing.' If, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for 'mad dogs always run straight forward before them.'

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in those ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog that had gone through a neighbouring village, which was thought to be mad by several who had seen him.

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The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting story of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water. When the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another, still more hideous; as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog; and how the poor father first perceived the infection, by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster: as in stories of ghosts each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy; so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings with new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frighted by the barking of a dog; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved, and spreads, that a mad dog had frighted a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village, and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal

dismal as it approaches the capital; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described, with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all four, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds, by the advice of her doctors; while the mad mastiff is, in the mean time, ranging the whole country over, slavering at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks. She desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within; for a few days ago, so dismal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and, raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature well examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer, were no ways injured: and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred were bit by a mad dog. Such accounts, in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable

miserable, by false terrors; and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretend to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death, (and four is probably too large a concession,) yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution: and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

'A dog,' says one of the English poets, 'is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.' Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man: to man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, stedfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services!

ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty: some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation

servation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery: but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. 'I would not choose,' says a French philosopher, 'to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted.' A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a ma-

jestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than sixty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed, in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison: we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing: its company pleases; yet, for all this,

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it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it hath no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise; yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave—an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king, his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be, in youth, so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought imbittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would then have faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

ON

ON THE LADIES' PASSION FOR LEVELLING ALL DISTINCTION OF DRESS.

FOREIGNERS observe, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our countrywomen have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex; and therefore it was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband, than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are in the mode. A French woman

woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform; and their whole appearance shows as little variety of taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age, too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels first behind the lady of some quality; and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her grand-daughter. A friend of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me the other day with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems, in his walk thither, he, for some time, followed a lady, who, as he thought by her dress, was a girl of fifteen. It was airy, elegant, and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution

cution in every folding of her white negligee. He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face; but what was his mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than his cousin Hannah, some years older than himself!

But to give it in his own words: 'After the transports of our first salute,' said he, 'were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time these twenty years, rose, suing to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than a handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud, "Quanto si mostra men, tanto e piu bella." A female breast is generally thought most beautiful as it is more sparingly discovered.

'As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park, where I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

'When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite, and so tender, soon attracted

tracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came, I perceived we brought good-humour with us. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh, at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of the spectators on each other. 'I am amazed, cousin Jeffery,' says miss, 'that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig, so frizzled, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate those odious muffs.' I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage; but as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little; and throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, 'I could heartily wish, madam,' replied I, 'that, for your sake, my muff was cut into a tippet.'

'As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of the

seats, and, from that retreat, remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

'When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company, now passing in review before me, as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had, all that morning, been improving her charms: the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah: she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival; hated every face that seemed dressed in good humour, or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it, by observing, that there was no company in the Park today. To this she readily assented; 'And yet,' says she, 'it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another.' My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. 'Observe,' says she to me, 'that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money; and as she considers that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough, you see; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers, to my knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see, three gentlemen

men from Ireland, who study the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scotch preacher who had like to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat; and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday, to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

'There goes Mrs. Roundabout, I mean the fat lady in the lustring trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters, in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpenny worth of tea at the White-conduit-house. Odious puss, how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lustring wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, cousin Jeffery, I never liked those tails; for suppose a young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in the fright, instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin,—her clothes may be spoiled.

'Ah! Miss Mazzard! I knew we should not miss her in the Park; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner;

and might have had some custom if she had minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery, and, instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on, impaired her credit; she still, however, went on, improving her appearance and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt.'

My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate, esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencounter, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney-coach at St. James's.

ASEM; AN EASTERN TALE:

Or, The Wisdom of Providence in the Moral Government of the World.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller, but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the man-hater.

Asem

The wisdom of Providence in the moral government of the world.

Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them: he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society,

society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the fountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. 'How beautiful,' he often cried, 'is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence a hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise; but man, vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the Divine Creator? Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why, then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?'

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his

his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

'Son of Adam,' cried the genius, 'stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries; and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the genius of conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me and be wise.'

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

'I plainly perceive your amazement,' said the genius; 'but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet! who once entertained

tained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas: they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth; but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation.'

'A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!' cried Asem, in a rapture; 'I thank thee, O Alla, who has at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstacy, and ease. O for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable!'

'Cease thine acclamations,' replied the genius. 'Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor.' Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean

terranenean world still seemed to retain its primeval wildness.

'Here,' cried Asem, 'I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation.'—'Your tenderness for inferior animals, is, I find, remarkable,' said the genius, smiling. 'But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other; and, indeed, for obvious reasons: for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on her vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.'

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. 'Heavens!' cried Asem, 'why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?' He had

scarce spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. 'This,' cried Asem to his guide, 'is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action.'—'Every species of animals,' replied the genius, 'has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers.'—'But they should have been destroyed,' cried Asem; 'you see the consequence of such neglect.'—'Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals?' replied the genius, smiling: 'you seem to have forgot that branch of justice.'—'I must acknowledge my mistake,' returned Asem, 'I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another.'

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses which could only increase their own pride, and the

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envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. 'At last, then,' said Asem, 'they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamoured as wisdom.'—'Wisdom!' replied his instructor: 'how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it: true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them.'—'All this may be right,' says Asem; 'but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse.'—'That, indeed, is true,' replied the other; 'here is no established society, nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious.'—'Well, then,' said the sceptic, 'as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friend-

ship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine.'—'And to what purpose should either do this?' says the genius: 'flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question.'

'Still, however,' said Asem, 'the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence; each has therefore leisure to pity those that stand in need of his compassion.' He had scarce spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of consumption. 'Strange,' cried the son of Adam, 'that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!'—'Be not surprised,' said the wretch, who was dying; 'would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put into mine? They never are possesssed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.' 'They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,' cried Asem; 'and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received

received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues.'—'Peace, Asem,' replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, 'nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferable to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that you see is practised here.'—'Strange!' cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; 'what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy: fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems, that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others.'

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished

astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn; so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city, nor did he receive them with disdain; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

ON THE ENGLISH CLERGY, AND POPULAR PREACHERS.

It is allowed on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education, by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general, also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere; by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and

and of sooner wearing off those prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the best-regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the wise.

Yet, with all these advantages, it is very obvious, that the clergy are no where so little thought of, by the populace, as here; and, though our divines are foremost with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me, when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind, in other countries, testify, on every occasion, the profoundest awe of religion: while in England they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution: may not the vulgar being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities; and they who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute

stitute the basis of the great fabric of society, should be particularly regarded; for, in policy, as architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity; and, fearing to outdo their duty, leave it half done. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaffecting; delivered with the most insipid calmness; insomuch, that should the peaceful preacher lift his head over the cushion, which alone he seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened to remorse, actually sleeping over his methodical and laboured composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to the passions; this is styled the making of converts from conviction: but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not sensible, that men seldom reason about their debaucheries till they are committed. Reason is but a weak antagonist when headlong passion dictates; in all such cases we should arm one passion against another: it is with the human mind as in nature; from the mixture of two opposites, the result is most frequently neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies, begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally pre-supposes us capable of reason; but to be made capable of this, is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher; for the people are easily pleased, if

if they perceive any endeavours in the orator to please them; the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, indeed very little more is required, than sincerity and assurance; and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. 'Si vis me fiere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi,' is so trite a quotation, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it; yet, though all allow the justness of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice! Our orators, with the most faulty bashfulness, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience, than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver; they, of all professions, seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

The French preachers generally assume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors from Christ; the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employer. The Bishop of Massilon, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, showed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so improper; however, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning. 'If,' says he, 'a cause, the most important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cause interested ourselves in par-

ticular; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides; and if we had heard from our infancy of this yet-undetermined trial; would you not all sit with due attention, and warm expectation, to the pleadings on each side? Would not all your hopes and fears be hinged upon the final decision? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you; a cause where not one nation, but all the world, are spectators: tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of Heaven; where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subject of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery, where the cause is still undetermined; but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrevocable decree that shall last for ever: and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of your own salvation; I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to,' &c.

The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd; but in the pulpit it is attended with the most lasting impressions: that style which, in the closet, might justly be called flimsy, seems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine composition under the title of sermon, that I do not think the author has miscalled his piece; for the talents to be used in writing well entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are easily acquired; they are accomplishments which may be taken

taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stooping. Impressed with a sense of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher disregards the applause or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and manly sincerity. With this talent alone we see what crowds are drawn around enthusiasts, even destitute of common sense; what numbers converted to Christianity. Folly may sometimes set an example for wisdom to practice; and our regular divines may borrow instruction from even methodists, who go their circuits, and preach prizes among the populace. Even Whitfield may be placed as a model to some of our young divines; let them join to their own good sense his earnest manner of delivery.

It will be perhaps objected, that, by confining the excellencies of a preacher to proper assurance, earnestness, and openness of style, I make the qualifications too trifling for estimation: there will be something called oratory brought up on this occasion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as absolutely necessary to complete the character: but let us not be deceived; common sense is seldom swayed by fine tones, musical periods, just attitudes, or the display of a white handkerchief; oratorial behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally sinks into awkward and paltry affectation.

It must be observed, however, that these rules are calculated only for him who would instruct the vulgar, who stand in most need of instruction; to address philosophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite—a much more useless,

though more sought for character—requires a different method of proceeding. All I shall observe on this head is, to entreat the polemic divine, in his controversy with the deist, to act rather offensively than to defend; to push home the grounds of his belief, and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to spend time in solving the objections of every opponent. 'It is ten to one,' says a late writer on the art of war, 'but that the assailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches is always victorious.'

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themselves more to the benefit of society, by declining all controversy, than by exhibiting even the profoundest skill in polemic disputes: their contests with each other often turn on speculative trifles; and their disputes with the deists are almost at an end, since they can have no more than victory; and that they are already possessed of, as their antagonists have been driven into a confession of the necessity of revelation, or an open avowal of atheism. To continue the dispute longer would only endanger it; the sceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue, 'and, like an Olympic boxer, generally fights best when undermost.'

ON THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM SENDING A JUDICIOUS TRAVELLER INTO ASIA.

I HAVE frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers, who have penetrated any considerable way eastward into Asia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety, and their accounts are such as might reasonably be expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education—the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising, that, of such a variety of adventurers, not one single philosopher should be found among the number? For, as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets, either in nature or art, which might be transplanted with success; thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary, the natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chemists in Europe. In the most savage parts of India they are possessed of the secret of dying vegetable substances scarlet, and likewise that of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver; not one of which secrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune.

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The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves; but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, in the same manner, had they been told the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home.

Of all the English philosophers, I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius: he it is, who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature; and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human controul. Oh! had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange!

There is probably no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information; and I am apt to think, that a person who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling should only be, to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed; he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese

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in the arts of subsistence: he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of living comfortably; and the inhabitants of a more refined country, in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher, thus employed, spend his time, than by sitting at home, earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue, or one monster more to his collection; or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous, in the incatenation of fleas, or the sculpture of cherry-stones.

I never consider this subject without being surprised that none of those societies so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an understanding, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themselves as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for a European to preserve his health in the country. The missionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted; what methods he took to keep Lent in a region where there was no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his religion, in places were there was neither bread nor wine: such accounts, with the usual appendage of marriages and funerals, inscriptions,

rivers,

rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of a European traveller's diary: but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magic; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees perperformed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the devil.

It was a usual observation of Boyle, the English chemist, that, if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that, if the useful knowledge of every country, howsoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many useful inventions known or practised but in one place? Their instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious, in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known only in a part of France. If such discoveries therefore remain still to be known at home, what funds of knowledge might not be collected in countries, yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans?

The caution with which foreigners are received in Asia, may be alleged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European merchants found admission into regions the most suspicious, under

under the character of sanjapins, or northern pilgrims? To such, not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller properly qualified for these purposes, might be an object of national concern: it would, in some measure, repair the breaches made by ambition; and might show that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots, who professed themselves lovers of men.

The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an enterprise. He should be a man of a philosophical turn; one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swoln with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian: his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanised by an intercourse with men. He should be, in some measure, an enthusiast to the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger.

A REVERIE AT THE BOAR'S-HEAD TAVERN, IN EASTCHEAP.

THE improvements we make in mental acquirements only render us each day more sensible of the defects

of our constitution: with this in view, therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth; endeavour to forget age and wisdom, and, as far as innocence goes, be as much a boy as the best of them.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age; but, in my opinion, every age is the same. This I am sure of, that man, in every season, is a poor, fretful being, with no other means to escape the calamities of the times, but by endeavouring to forget them; for, if he attempts to resist, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not so hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction: I find myself no way disposed to make fine speeches, while I am making wry faces. In a word, let me drink when the fit is on, to make me insensible; and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer.

The character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom: I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity?—Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone!—I give you to the winds. Let's have t' other bottle: here's to the memory of Shakspeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's-head tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old

Sir

A reverie at the Boar's-head tavern, in Eastcheap.

Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral, merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth: wished to be young again; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight; and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time: the watchman had gone twelve: my companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers: I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze, and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do; and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent; one good joke followed another good joke, and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees: he insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled into a fardingale. I now fancied

him changing sexes; and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation; the tavern, the apartment, and the table, continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking, which seemed converted into sack and sugar.

'My dear Mrs. Quickly,' cried I, (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight). 'I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs? Brave and hearty, I hope?'—'In good sooth,' replied she, 'he did deserve to live for ever; but he maketh foul work on't where he hath flitted. Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled, for his attempting a rape upon her divinity; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus.'

I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than Platonic affection: wherefore, as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject; and desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observed with a sigh, that our sack was nothing now to what it was in former days. 'Ah, Mrs. Quickly, those were merry times when you drew sack for Prince Henry;

Henry: men were twice as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable, than now. Those were the times! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed! Ever since that, we have only been degenerating; and I have lived to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable. When men wear clean shirts, and women show their necks and arms, all are degenerated, Mrs. Quickly; and we shall probably, in another century, be fritted away into beaux or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul I mean). Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press; our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit till eleven: and I only am left to make a night on't. Pr'ythee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventures, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting. I fancy the narrative may have something singular.'

'Observe this apartment,' interrupted my companion, 'of neat device and excellent workmanship —In this room I have lived, child, woman, and ghost, more than three hundred years: I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passeth here; and I have whilom compiled three hundred tomes, which eftsoons may be submitted to thy regards.'—'None of your whiloms or eftsoons,

Mrs.

Mrs. Quickly, if you please,' I replied; 'I know you can talk every whit as well as I can; for, as you have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have neither too much sense, nor too much language, to spare; so give me both as well as you can: but first, my service to you; old women should water their clay a little now and then; and now to your story.'

'The story of my own adventures,' replied the vision, 'is but short and unsatisfactory; for, believe me, Mr. Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow is never long-lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew for my customers: my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent (for our priors then had as much power as a Middlesex justice now), he, I say, it was who gave me a license for keeping a disorderly house; upon condition that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy; that he should have a bottle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued for several years to pay this tribute; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say, I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent;

vent; but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage, for I had incautiously drank over-night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't? The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification, and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation: though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

'Such is my own history; but that of the tavern, where I have ever since been stationed, affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies of men, at different periods.—You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly: the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more detestable, though not so frequent, as those in polite society. It is the same luxury which formerly stuffed your alderman with plum-porridge, and now crams him with turtle. It is the same low ambition that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister. It is the same vanity that formerly stained our ladies' cheeks and necks with woad, and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick-dust, in order to appear frightful: your modern Briton cuts his hair on

the

the crown, and plasters it with hogs'-lard and flour; and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind are a——.'

'Sure the woman is dreaming,' interrupted I.—'None of your reflections, Mrs. Quickly, if you love me; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning.'

'If you please then, sir,' returned my companion, 'I'll read you an abstract, which I made, of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now:

'My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continued lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins, and to commit new. Virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it; each priest had a right to a favourite companion, and

and a power of discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr. Rigmarole: these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity!'—'Not so very happy, neither, good madam; pretty much like the present; those that labour, starve; and those that do nothing, wear fine clothes and live in luxury.'

'In this manner the fathers lived, for some years, without molestation; they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart; and the lady was very certain, that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea then do you think the prior made to obviate this accusation? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to

try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain; yet such was the justice of the times. The prior threw down his glove, and the injured husband was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge. Upon this, the priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously used to induce both to a confession of the truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, their bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed, and guarded by soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees; and, after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the prior had pitched upon, had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short, the husband was discomfited; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and, after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr. Rigmarole! you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than we.'—'I rather fancy, madam, that the times then

then were pretty much like our own; where a multiplicity of laws give a judge as much power as a want of law; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality.'

'Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made a bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illumination and fireworks that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of hating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the first distinction chose from our convent their confessors; in short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident which terminated in its overthrow. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee; found herself strangely disturbed; but hesitated in determining, whether she was possessed by an angel or a demon. She was not long in suspense; for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech; and when she seemed to speak, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched; and all the difficulty lay

in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and the monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop; and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out; the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior; that by his command he resided in his present habitation; and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist; he drove the devil out by force of mystical arms; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft: the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by who heard the devil speak Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses; the prior was condemned; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn. These were times, Mr. Rigmarole; the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers!'—'Equally faulty with ourselves; they believed what the devil was pleased to tell them; and we seem resolved, at last, to believe neither God nor devil.'

'After such a stain upon the convent, it was not to be supposed it could subsist any longer; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern. The king conferred it on one of his cast off mistresses, she was constituted

landlady

landlady by royal authority; and, as the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever, and sometimes took not less than four shillings a-day.

'But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of fashion at that period; and in a description of the present landlady, you will have a tolerable idea of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hose for herself and all the servants of the family, when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four-and-twenty letters, so that it was impossible to bewitch her; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity she generally improved good humour, by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen, and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. From hence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweethearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten miss generally went to play at hot-cockles and blindman's buff in the parlour; and when the young folks (for they seldom played at hot-cockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen

gentlemen entertained miss with the history of their greyhounds, bear-baitings, and victories at cudgel-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, or shot at butts, while miss held in her hand a riband, with which she adorned the conqueror. Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant-Killer; could name every mountain that was inhabited by faries; knew a witch at first sight; and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable; her arms and her hair were completely covered; a monstrous ruff was put round her neck, so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she discovered little more than her nose. These were the times, Mr. Rigmarole, when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty; when every woman that could tell stories might be cried up for a wit.' 'I am as much displeased at those dresses which conceal too much, as at those which discover too much: I am equally an enemy to a female dunce, or a female pedant.'

'You may be sure that miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own; she pitched upon a courtier equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and

and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king's command; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the sovereign whom God anointed, to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time; but, at length, repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father confessor, from a principle of conscience, removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch; and she who was this day a royal mistress, might the next, when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infamy and want.

'Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew into great reputation; the courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking; drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious age. They had not such frequent entertainments as the moderns have, but were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and vulgar, than now. A courtier has been known to spend his whole fortune at a single feast; a king, to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example; and I have seen monarchs in this

room

room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. These were the times, sir, when kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their vices, and act the hypocrite, as now.'—'Lord, Mrs. Quickly!' interrupting her, 'I expected to hear a story, and here you are going to tell me I know not what of times and vices; pr'ythee let me entreat thee once more to wave reflections, and give thy history without deviation.'

'No lady upon earth,' continued my visionary correspondent, 'knew how to puff off her damaged wine or women with more art than she. When these grew flat, or those paltry, it was but changing the names; the wine became excellent, and the girls agreeable. She was also possessed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a double-entendre, could nick the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and perfectly understood the discreet moments when to withdraw. The gallants of those times pretty much resembled the bloods of ours; they were fond of pleasure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it: thus a court-bawd of those times resembled the common, low-lived harridan at a modern bagnio.—Witness, ye powers of debauchery! how often I have been present at the various appearances of drunkenness, riot, guilt, and brutality. A tavern is a true picture of human infirmity; in history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view; but in the accounts of a tavern we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

'Upon

'Upon this lady's decease, the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps, and gamesters. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII. gaming was more universally practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off, at primero, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St. Paul's cathedral, but the fine image of St. Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction. Have you then any cause to regret being born in the times you now live in, or do you still believe that human nature continues to run on declining every age? If we observe he actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonest, than you. If, forsaking history, we only trace them in their own hours of amusement and dissipation, we shall find them more sensual, more entirely devoted to pleasure, and infinitely more selfish.

'The last hostess of note I found upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and, by frugality and extreme complaisance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled that one did not

accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times; the fascination of a lady's eyes, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady formerly should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all.

'In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft, and, though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar, to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed accordingly. These were times, indeed! when even women could not scold in safety.

'Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the disposition of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for harbouring whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious.'—'Lord, Mrs. Quickly!' interrupted I, 'you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half hour giving me only a description of the spirit of the times; if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories.'

I had

I had scarce concluded, when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made in the house, and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room.

ON QUACK DOCTORS.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which our advertising doctors are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine: the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty; be the disorder ever so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hinderance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only, in general, give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms! Does he take

a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick:—only sick did I say? there are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die! though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner.

I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the professors of this art; with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad! Like a skilful gardener, she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes root as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast munificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nonrishment.

In other countries, the physician pretends to cure disorders in the lump; the same doctor who combats the

the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous; this is being a mere jack of all trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a brass pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their sciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bug-bites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with an account of one or two of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock, F. U. N. This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely combed, and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never: it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat: but so it is, a hat he never wears. He is usually drawn, at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets,

packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for, as he observes, 'Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you.'

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor Timothy Franks, F. O. G. H. living in the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian æra 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years three months and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity: I am told he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Doctor Rock, none are more blessed with the advantages of face than Doctor Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it. Let the foibles of the great rest in peace. Yet I must impart the whole. These two great men are actually now at variance; like mere men, mere common mortals.—Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks; Franks retorts the wit and the sarcasm, by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumpling Dick. He calls the serious Doctor Rock, Dumpling Dick! Head of Confucius, what profanation! Dumpling Dick! What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make

even

even the profession ridiculous! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in: men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together, hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who staid seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite, than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions; and, at last, ventured upon conversation. 'I beg pardon, sir,' cried I, 'but I think I have seen you before; your face is familiar to me.'—'Yes, sir,' replied he, 'I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years merry-andrew to a puppet-show: last Bartholomew-fair my master and I quarrelled, beat

beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary-lane, and I to starve in St. James's-Park.'

'I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties.'—'O sir,' returned he, 'my appearance is very much at your service; but, though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a year I should be merry; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have three-pence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three half-pence; and, if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay my reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard! You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner.'

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale-house, and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard, and a smoking steak, spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. 'I like this dinner, sir,' says he, 'for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly, because I get it for nothing: no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay.'

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over

over, he observed that the steak was tough; 'and yet sir,' returns he, 'bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite! We beggars are the very fondlings of Nature: the rich she treats like an arrant step-mother; they are pleased with nothing; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough; dress it up with pickles, and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar; Calvert's butt out-tastes champaign, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood; though our estates lie no where, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, I am content; I have no land there: if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness; I am no Jew.' The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire.—'That I will, sir' said he, 'and welcome; only let us drink, to prevent our sleeping; let us have another tankard while we are awake; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full!

'You must know, then, that I am very well descended: my ancestors have made some noise in the world, for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectful a genealogy; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father de-

signed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of a drummer to a puppet-show. Thus, the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musquet also; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman: besides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours: now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

'The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the spleen; I asked leave to quit the service; but as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal, penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (sir, my service to you), and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges: in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my discharge, I must find an equivalent some other

other way, and that must be by running away. I deserted, and it answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

'Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment; I sold my soldier's clothes, bought worse, and in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked a hundred questions; as, whose son I was; from whence I came; and whether I would be faithful. I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other; I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder: I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disap-

pear: in short, they found I would not do; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months' wages.

'While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure; two hens were hatching in an out-house, I went and took the eggs from habit, and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and, with my knapsack on my back and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house when I heard behind me the cry of 'Stop thief!' but this only increased my dispatch: it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed two months at the curate's without drinking; come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life.

'Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players? The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them; I had a sort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order; they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way; I offered my assistance, which they accepted; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought

thought I had never lived till then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them; I was a very good figure, as you see; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

'I love a straggling life above all things in the world; sometimes good, sometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden scene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the theatre-royal in Drury-lane; Juliet, by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before; and I was to snuff the candles: all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was, to dress them. The same coat that served Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall; a pestle and mortar, from a neighbouring apothecary's, answered all the purposes of a bell: and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety; I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction: the whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

'There is one rule by which a strolling player may be

be ever secure of success; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to see: natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling-sickness; that is the way to work for applause; that is the way to gain it.

As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself; I snuffed the candles; and, let me tell you, that, without a candle-snuffer, the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when, behold! one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company: they were resolved to go, in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive. I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly

ingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me (sir, your health), and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

'I found my memory excessively helped by drinking: I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that Nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. Let the sick man, said I, be under no uneasiness to get well again: I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction; he may even die, if he thinks proper; I'll engage that he shall never be missed. I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share in the profits. Gentlemen (said I, addressing our company), I don't pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude: you have published my name in the bills with the utmost good-nature; and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me: so, gentlemen, to shew you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off: I'll brandish my snuffers and clip candles as usual. This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to

refuse

refuse it; it was irresistible, it was adamant: they consented, and I went on in King Bajazet: my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a loud voice: my very entrance excited universal applause; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Alla! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it. Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he; but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance: in general, I kept my arms folded up thus upon the pit of my stomach; it is the way at Drury-lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits: in short, I came off like a prodigy; and, such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success; one praised my voice, another my person: 'Upon my word,' says the squire's lady, 'he will make one of the finest actors in Europe; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.'—Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: instead of thanking

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ing them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

'At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say: and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out: I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it a hero!—Such is the world—little to day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject, something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

'The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my snuff box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

'There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London, and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits; every body praised me; yet she refused at first going to see me perform: she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller; talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations tones, and cadences. She was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury-lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hands, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest. I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's back; still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders. I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do; all my good humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eyes showed the agony of my heart! In short, the lady

came

came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was; my fame expired:—I am here, and —the tankard is no more!'

RULES ENJOINED TO BE OBSERVED AT A RUSSIAN ASSEMBLY.

When Catharina Alexowna was made Empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage; but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe; she altered the women's dress by substituting the fashions of England; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask; and cornets and commodes instead of caps of sable. The women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment.

But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough to see the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them: the czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding, which, as it is a curiosity, and has never before been printed that we know of, we shall give our readers:

I. The person at whose house the assembly is to be

kept, shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

II. The assembly shall not be open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

III. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or keep them company; but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other necessaries that company may ask for: he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exception at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint bowl full of brandy): it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies; as likewise their wives and children.

VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

VIII.

VIII. No ladies are to get drunk upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

IX. Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c. shall not be riotous: no gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss, and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.

Such are the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule and satire. But politeness must enter every country by degrees; and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown, awkward but sincere.

THE GENIUS OF LOVE: AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

THE formalities, delays, and disappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce, but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propogating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable! Marriages are the only commodity that meets with none.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here Love might

sports

sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel amidst gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island; and, when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or a union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guaranty the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of Parliament.

Thus they, who have a fortune, are possessed at least of something that is lovely; but I actually pity those that have none. I am told there was a time when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least among the ministers of the church, or the officers of the army. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions; but, of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs, and whispers, is declared utterly contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitudes of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple, and smile, when the dimples and smiles begin to forsake her; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably intrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time,

time, have forsaken her; the captain has changed for another mistress; the priest himself leaves her in solitude, to bewail her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The genius is surely now no more. In every region I find enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is no where to be found; and all that the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling relics, as instances of his former residence and favour.

'The genius of love,' says the eastern apologue, 'had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquillity. His temple at first was crowded, but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region; and he apprized the fair sex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

'And, first, the beauties of China appeared. No country

country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress, or behaviour; their eyes were never lifted from the ground; their robes, of the most beautiful silk, hid their hands, bosom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and plucked eye-brows were, however, alleged by the genius against them; but he set them entirely aside when he came to examine their little feet.

'The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced, hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering; the neck, the left breast, and all the limbs, were exposed to view, which, after some time, seemed rather to satiate, than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms; but their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their admirers; they seemed to give, rather than receive, courtship: and the genius of love dismissed them, as unworthy his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing sex.

'The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun; and sea-borne breezes, on the other, gave peculiar

liar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary's power to express; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when unfortunately one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

'In this procession the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind; their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive; and served to show, that beauty could be perfect, even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected as being incapable of uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected: the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo; the women of Wida with scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Caffraria; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair-ones of Patagonia.

'The beauties of Europe at last appeared: grace was in their steps, and sensibility sat smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention.—They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but unfortunately, as their orator proceeded,

ceeded, she happened to let fall the words, house in town, settlement, and pin-money. These seemingly harmless terms had instantly a surprising effect; the genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the circle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those ethereal mansions from whence he descended.

'The whole assembly was struck with amazement: they now justly apprehended that female power would be no more, since Love had forsaken them. They continued some time thus in a state of torpid despair, when it was proposed by one of the number, that, since the real genius of love had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol of gold was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the departed genius. The ladies of China furnished the monster with wings; those of Kashmire supplied him with horns; the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to love are in reality paid to the idol: and, as in other false religions, the adoration seems more fervent where the heart is least sincere.'

HISTORY

HISTORY OF THE DISTRESSES OF AN ENGLISH DISABLED SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that 'one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives.' The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity are conscious of several others sympathising with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on; men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity: but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope, to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more ex-

alted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret: without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling on their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept: they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his

his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

'As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

'I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old, so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years, I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away: but what of that? I had the liberty

of

of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

'In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

'People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly-ful to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship,

ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

'When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

'I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

'When the peace came on I was discharged, and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes

times troublesome, I listed for a landsman in the East-India company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

'The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, merely to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

'Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part; it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French

sentries'

sentries' brains. I don't care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do business. So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

'Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, were both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much good luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but unfortunately we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

'I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest: but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two

places; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!'

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

ON THE FRAILTY OF MAN:

Supposed to be Written by the Ordinary of Newgate.

MAN is a most frail being, incapable of directing his steps, unacquainted with what is to happen in this life; and perhaps no man is a more manifest instance of the truth of this maxim than Mr. The. Cibber, just now gone out of the world. Such a variety of turns of fortune, yet such a persevering uniformity of conduct, appears in all that happened in his short span,

span, that the whole may be looked upon as one regular confusion; every action of his life was matter of wonder and surprise, and his death was an astonishment.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education, and a great deal of good learning, so that he could read and write before he was sixteen. However, he early discovered an inclination to follow lewd courses: he refused to take the advice of his parents, and pursued the bent of his inclination; he played at cards on the Sundays, called himself a gentleman, fell out with his mother and laundress; and, even in these early days, his father was frequently heard to observe, that young The.—would be hanged.

As he advanced in years, he grew more fond of pleasure; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it; and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green peas, which he had collected over-night as charity for a friend in distress: he ran into debt with every body that would trust him, and none could build a sconce better than he: so that, at last, his creditors swore with one accord that The.—would be hanged.

But, as getting into debt by a man who had no visible means but impudence for subsistence, is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I must explain this point a little, and that to his satisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt: first, by pushing a face; as thus, 'You, Mr. Lustring, send

me home six yards of that paduasoy, damme ;—but, hark'ye, don't think I ever intend to pay you for it—damme.' At this the mercer laughs heartily, cuts off the paduasoy, and sends it home; nor is he till too late surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called fineering; which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser: and, if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called, 'Being the good customer.' The gentleman first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready money; he comes a few days after with nothing about him but bank bills, and buys, we will suppose, a sixpenny tweezer-case; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after, and pay for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual; and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got, at last, the character of a good customer. By this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays for it.

In all this the young man, who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections, was very expert; and could face, fineer, and bring custom to a shop, with any man in England: none of his companions could exceed him in this; and his very companions at last said, that The.—would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better; he loved ortolans

ortolans and green peas, as before; he drank gravy-soup when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing, or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick; thus the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power be made up by inclination; so that all the world thought that old The.—would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene; a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect, perhaps, his dying words, and the tender farewell he took of his wife and children; you expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculations, and the papers he left behind him. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity: for, oh, the mysteries of fate! The.—was drowned!

'Reader,' as Hervey saith, 'pause and ponder, and ponder and pause;' who knows what thy own end may be!

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection, and, by drawing the bands too closely,

at

at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendships, which we find it impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts filled with good nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. The circle of beings which dependance gathers round us, is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the terms of their connections more nearly equal; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burthen; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus

Plautinus was a man that thought, that every good was to be brought from riches; and, as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept: but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he even found his aim disappointed; Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such indeed in the common acceptation of the word it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all

he

he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity: Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred a union of hearts. They were remarked through the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular part of the Jewish malcontents.

From this moment, their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews, to which the mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames; and thousands were

seen

seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran, spreading his arms, and cried out to his friend to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The centurion from above heard and obeyed: and casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot: one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

FOLLY OF ATTEMPTING TO LEARN WISDOM IN RETIREMENT.

Books, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail; and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike, therefore, the philosopher who describes the inconveniences of life in such pleasing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fear its inconveniences till he severely feels them.

Folly of attempting to learn wisdom in retirement.

A youth who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess; and he has been long taught to detest vice and love virtue. Warm, therefore, in attachments, and stedfast in enmity, he treats every creature as friend or foe; expects from those he loves unerring integrity; and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds; and here begin his disappointments: upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives, that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity; for he often finds the excellences of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings; none so infamous, but has somewhat to attract our esteem; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendship with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked; every moment

gives

gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely; and that those whom he has treated with disrespect, more than retaliate the injury; at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking; philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours; and even his vanity is touched in thinking he shall show the world in himself one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation. 'Come, then, O poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the wise? Temperance, health, and frugality, walk in thy train; cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee, of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed? The running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature; man wants but little, nor that little long. Come, then, O poverty! while kings stand by, and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher's resignation.'

The goddess appears; for poverty ever comes at the call; but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his own imagination had painted. As when an eastern bride, whom her friends and relations had long described as a model of per-

 fection,

fection, pays her first visit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to see a face he had never seen before; but, instead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting icicles to his heart; such appears Poverty to her new entertainer: all the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins; while contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the hideous procession.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating; he finds, that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude. It might be agreeable enough to play the philosopher, while we are conscious that mankind are spectators; but what signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one creature will assist at the exhibition? Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction even of self-applause; for either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural insensibility; or he disguises his feelings, and that is dissimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man; not distinguishing in his resentment, he regards all mankind with detestation: and commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said, that he who retires to solitude, is either a beast or an angel: the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited; the discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured

tured man who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind.

LETTER,

Supposed to be written by a Common-Council-man, at the time of the Coronation.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour of being a common-councilman, and am greatly pleased with a paragraph from Southampton in yours of yesterday. There we learn, tha the mayor and aldermen of that loyal borough had the particular satisfaction of celebrating the royal nuptials by a magnificent turtle-feast. By this means the gentlemen had the pleasure of filling their bellies, and showing their loyalty, together. I must confess, t would give me some pleasure to see some such method of testifying our loyalty practised in this metropolis, of which I am an unworthy member. Instead of presenting his majesty (God bless him) on every occasion with our formal addresses, we might thus sit comfortably down to dinner, and wish him prosperity in a sirloin of beef: upon our army levelling the walls of a town, or besieging a fortification, we might at our city-feast imitate our brave troops, and demolish the walls of a venison-pasty, or besiege the shell of a turtle, with as great a certainty of u ccess.

At present, however, we have got into a sort of dry unsocial manner of drawing up addresses upon every occasion;

occasion; and though I have attended upon six cavalcades, and two foot processions, in a single year, yet I came away as lean and hungry, as if I had been a juryman at the Old Bailey. For my part, Mr. Printer, I don't see what is got by these processions and addresses, except an appetite; and that, thank heaven, we have all in a pretty good degree, without ever leaving our own houses for it. It is true, our gowns of mazarine blue, edged with fur, cut a pretty figure enough, parading it through the streets, and so my wife tells me.—In fact, I generally bow to all my acquaintance, when thus in full dress; but, alas! as the proverb has it, fine clothes never fill the belly.

But even though all this bustling, parading, and powdering, through the streets, be agreeable enough to many of us; yet, I would have my brethren consider whether the frequent repetition of it be so agreeable to our betters above. To be introduced to court, to see the queen, to kiss hands, to smile upon lords, to ogle the ladies, and all the other fine things there, may, I grant, be a perfect show to us that view it but seldom; but it may be a troublesome business enough to those who are to settle such ceremonies as these every day. To use an instance adapted to all our apprehensions; suppose my family and I should go to Bartholomew fair. Very well, going to Bartholomew fair, the whole sight is perfect rapture to us, who are only spectators once and away; but I am of opinion that the wire walker and fire eater find no such great sport in all this; I am of opinion they had as lief remain

behind

behind the curtain, at their own pastimes, drinking beer, eating shrimps, and smoking tobacco.

Besides, what can we tell his majesty in all we say on these occasions, but what he knows perfectly well already? I believe, if I were to reckon up, I could not find above five hundred disaffected in the whole kingdom; and here we are every day telling his majesty how loyal we are. Suppose the addresses of a people, for instance, should run thus:

'May it please your m——y, we are many of us worth a hundred thousand pounds, and are possessed of several other inestimable advantages. For the preservation of this money and those advantages we are chiefly indebted to your m——y. We are, therefore, once more assembled, to assure your m——y of our fidelity. This, it is true, we have lately assured your m——y five or six times; but we are willing once more to repeat what can't be doubted, and to kiss your royal hand, and the queen's hand, and thus sincerely to convince you, that we shall never do any thing to deprive you of one loyal subject, or any one of ourselves of one hundred thousand pounds.' Should we not, upon reading such an address, think that people a little silly, who thus made such unmeaning professions? Excuse me, Mr. Printer; no man upon earth has a more profound respect for the abilities of the aldermen and common-council than I; but I could wish they would not take up a monarch's time in these good-natured trifles, who, I am told, seldom spends a moment in vain.

The example set by the city of London will probably

bly be followed by every other community in the British Empire. Thus we shall have a new set of addresses from every little borough with but four freeman and a burgess; day after day shall we see them come up with hearts filled with gratitude, 'laying the vows of a loyal people at the foot of the throne.' Death! Mr. Printer, they'll hardly leave our courtiers time to scheme a single project for beating the French; and our enemies may gain upon us, while we are thus employed in telling our governor how much we intend to keep them under.

But a people by too frequent a use of addresses may by this means come at last to defeat the very purpose for which they are designed. If we are thus exclaiming in raptures upon every occasion, we deprive ourselves of the powers of flattery, when there may be a real necessity. A boy three weeks ago swimming across the Thames, was every minute crying out, for his amusement, 'I've got the cramp, I've got the cramp:' the boatmen pushed off once or twice, and they found it was fun; he soon after cried out in earnest, but nobody believed him, and he sunk to the bottom.

In short, sir, I am quite displeased with any unnecessary cavalcade whatever. I hope we shall soon have occasion to triumph, and then I shall be ready myself either to eat a turtle feast or to shout at a bonfire: and will either lend my faggot at the fire, or flourish my hat at every loyal health that may be proposed.

I am, Sir, &c.

A SECOND LETTER,

Supposed to be written by a Common-Councilman, describing the Coronation.

SIR,

I AM the same common-councilman who troubled you some days ago. To whom can I complain but to you? for you have many a dismal correspondent; in this time of joy my wife does not choose to hear me, because, she says, I'm always melancholy when she's in spirits. I have been to see the coronation, and a fine sight it was, as I am told, to those who had the pleasure of being near spectators. The diamonds, I am told, were as thick as Bristol stones in a shew-glass; the ladies and gentlemen walked along, one foot before another, and threw their eyes about them, on this side and that, perfectly like clock-work. O! Mr. Printer, it had been a fine sight indeed, if there was but a little more eating.

Instead of that, there we sat, penned up in our scaffolding, like sheep upon a market-day in Smithfield: but the devil a thing could I get to eat (God pardon me for swearing) except the fragments of a plumb cake, that was all squeezed into crumbs in my wife's pocket, as she came through the crowd. You must know, sir, that in order to do the thing genteelly, and that all my family might be amused at the same time, my wife, my daughter, and I, took two-guinea places for the coronation, and I gave my two eldest

boys (who by the by are twins, fine children) eighteenpence a piece to go to Sudrick fair, to see the Court of the Black King of Morocco, which will serve to please children well enough.

That we might have good places on the scaffolding, my wife insisted upon going at seven o'clock in the evening before the coronation, for she said she would not lose a full prospect for the world. This resolution, I own, shocked me. 'Grizzle,' said I to her, 'Grizzle, my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you caught the last fast day by rising but half an hour before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Besides, my dear, our daughter Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina will look like a perfect fright if she sits up: and you know the girl's face is something at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small.' 'Mr. Grogan,' replied my wife, 'Mr. Grogan, this is always the case, when you find me in spirits; I don't want to go, not I, nor I don't care whether I go at all; it is seldom that I am in spirits, but this is always the case.' In short, Mr. Printer, what will you have on't? to the coronation we went.

What difficulties we had in getting a coach; how we were shoved about in the mob; how I had my pocket picked of the last new almanack, and my steel tobacco-box; how my daughter lost half an eye brow, and her laced shoe in a gutter; my wife's lamentation upon this, with the adventures of a

crumbled

crumbled plumb-cake; relate all this; we suffered this and ten times more before we got to our places.

At last, however, we were seated. My wife is certainly a heart of oak; I thought sitting up in the damp night-air would have killed her; I have known her for two months take possession of our easy chair, mobbed up in flannel night-caps, and trembling at a breath of air; but she now bore the night as merrily as if she had sat up at a christening. My daughter and she did not seem to value it a farthing. She told me two or three stories that she knows will always make me laugh, and my daughter sung me 'the noontide air,' towards one o'clock in the morning. However, with all their endeavours, I was as cold and as dismal as ever I remember. If this be the pleasures of a coronation, cried I to myself, I had rather see the court of king Solomon, in all his glory, at my ease in Bartholomew fair.

Towards morning, sleep began to come fast upon me; and the sun rising and warming the air, still inclined me to rest a little. You must know, sir, that I am naturally of a sleepy constitution, I have often sat up at table with my eyes open, and have been asleep all the while. What will you have on't? just about eight o'clock in the morning I fell asleep. I fell into the most pleasing dream in the world. I shall never forget it; I dreamed that I was at my lord-mayor's feast, and had scaled the crust of a venison-pasty; I kept eating and eating, in my sleep, and thought I could never have enough. After some time, the pasty methought was taken away, and the

dessert was brought in its room. Thought I to myself, if I have not got enough of venison, I am resolved to make it up by the largest snap at the sweetmeats. Accordingly I grasped a whole pyramid; the rest of the guests seeing me with so much, one gave me a snap, the other gave me a snap; I was pulled this way by my neighbour on my right hand, and that way by my neighbour on the left, but still kept my ground without flinching, and continued eating and pocketing as fast as I could. I never was so pulled and hauled in my whole life. At length, however, going to smell to a lobster that lay before me, methought it caught me with its claws fast by the nose. The pain I felt upon this occasion is inexpressible: in fact, it broke my dream; when awaking I found my wife and daughter apylying a smelling-bottle to my nose, and telling me it was time to go home; they assured me every means had been tried to awake me, while the procession was going forward, but that I still continued to sleep till the whole ceremony was over. Mr. Printer, this is a hard case, and as I read your most ingenious work, it will be some comfort, when I see this inserted, to find that——I write for it too.

I am, Sir,

Your distressed humble servant,

L. GROGAN.

END OF ESSAYS.

POEMS.

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY:

A Poem.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXV.

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness, and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious

borious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrensy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I much solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show that there may be equal happiness in other states though differently governed from our own; that each state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each state may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanded to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

* In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions.—We have printed from the last edition published in the life-time of the author.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view:
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small;

And

And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd;
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked savage, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Nor less the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs, as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, splendour, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;

Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Her uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring top between
With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear:
Men seem the only growth that dwindle here.
Contrasted faults through all their manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;

For

For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date
When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise:
Again the long fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
But, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Soon commerce turn'd on other shores her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
At sports like these, while foreign arms advance,
In passive ease they leave the world to chance.
When noble aims have suffer'd long controul,
They sink at last, or feebly man the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.

No

No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly soothes the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shade the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze,
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays the cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;

And

And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

These are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants are few, their wishes all confin'd:
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
Since every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, their manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our way.
These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.

Gay

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bright a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here,
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;

Here

Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to go;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent Ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted band, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that sleep beneath the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But, foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All kindred claims that soften life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore.
Whilst over-wrought the general system feels
Its motion stopt, or phrensy fire the wheels.

Nor

Nor this the worst. As social bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Much on the low; the rest, as rank supplies,
Should in columnar diminution rise:
While, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warns:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;

When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And, thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long frequented village fall;
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,

The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

Amidst the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart:
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe! to thee a streaming flood of woe,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
While thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead;
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

THE

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE,

A Poem;

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXIX.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire: but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head; and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am,

Dear Sir,
Your sincere friend,
And ardent admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill;

The

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And slights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love;
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove;
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glossy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd; Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp, repose;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room;
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, and hawthorn grew;
Here, as with doubtful pensive steps I range,
Trace every scene and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from cares, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour, with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled;
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil, retir'd;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendors of that festive place;

The

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures, plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspin-boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad, shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride;
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way:
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!—
Are these thy serious thoughts? ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village-plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

When

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green;
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!

The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.—
O luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own;
At every draught large and more large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety, with wishes plac'd above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well:
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependant power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

RETALIATION: *

A Poem;

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXXIV., AFTER THE AUTHOR'S DEATH.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united:
If our landlord † supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish.
Our dean ‡ shall be venison, just fresh from the plains,
Our Burke § shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains,
Our Will ‖ shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick ¶ with his pepper shall heighten the savour:
Our Cumberland's ** sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas †† is pudding, substantial and plain:
Our Garrick's ‡‡ a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness, agree:

* Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem.

† The master of St. James's coffee-house, where the doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

‡ Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

§ Mr Edmund Burke.

‖ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

¶ Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

** Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

†† Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

‡‡ David Garrick, Esq.

To

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge * is anchovy, and Reynolds † is lamb;
That Hickey's ‡ a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'am able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, § re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt;
At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, ‖ whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend ¶ to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

* Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.
† Sir Joshua Reynolds.
‡ An eminent attorney.
§ Vide page 460. ‖ Ibid.
¶ Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.

Here

Here lies honest William, * whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
His conduct still right with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, † whose fate I must sigh at!
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland ‡ lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine:
Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.

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* Vide page 460.

† Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 460. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

‡ Vide page 460.

Say,

Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault!
Say, was it that, vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?
Here Douglas * retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector:
Our Dodds † shall be pious, our Kenricks ‡ shall lecture;
Macpherson § write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend || make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers ¶ the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.
Here lies David Garrick, ** describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine:
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.

* Vide page 460.

† The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

‡ Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of 'The School of Shakspeare.'

§ James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

|| Vide page 461. ¶ Vide page 460. ** Ibid.

On

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack;
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
'Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid and speak out our mind;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, * ye Kellys, † and Woodfalls, ‡ so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakspeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey § reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser:
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser.

* Vide page 463.

† Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the wise, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.

‡ Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.

§ Vide page 461.

Too

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds * is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, † and only took snuff.

POSTSCRIPT. ‡

Here Whitefoord reclines; and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave § man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:

* Vide page 461.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

‡ After the fourth edition of Retaliation was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith.

§ Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company without being infected with the itch of punning.

A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.
What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper-essays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content if the table he set in a roar;
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall * confess'd him a wit.
Ye newspaper-witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb;
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross readings, ship-news, and *mistakes of the press.*
Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit;
This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,
'Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-humour'd muse.'

A SONNET.

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight;
Mira, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Mira follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

* Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

† Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

The

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON;

A Poetical Epistle

TO

LORD CLARE.

FIRST PRINTED IN MDCCLXV.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of vertu;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.*
To go on with my tale—As I gaz'd on the haunch
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.

* Lord Clare's nephew.

Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's;
But in parting with these, I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff;
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
'What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting?'
'Why whose should it be?' cried I with a flounce:
'I get these things often'—but that was a bounce:
'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'
'If that be the case then,' cried he, very gay,
'I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you? a pasty, it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end:
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!'
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And 'nobody with me at sea but myself*;'
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson and Burke and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
'For I knew it,' he cried, 'both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.'
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.
At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen;
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen:
At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue:

* See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor: 12mo. 1769.

And,

And, 'Madam,' quoth he, 'may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst.'
'The tripe,' quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
'I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.'
'O—oh!' quoth my friend, 'he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty.'—'A pasty!' repeated the jew;
'I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.'
'What the de'il mon, a pasty?' re-echoed the Scot;
'Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.'
'We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out;
'We'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her?)
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

THE

THE
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.
A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain arriv'd at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town,
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze,
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
O!——But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace:
So, with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew:
The second brought its transports too.

A third,

A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.
Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle;
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee:
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;
While all their hours were past between
Insulting repartee or spleen.
Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown:
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!

He

He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,
Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now, condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery, is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day:

Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

Long have I racked my brains to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.
Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard's decreed:
A just comparison,—proceed.
In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air;
And here my simile unites,
For, in a modern poet's flights,

I'm

I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.
Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;
By classic authors term'd Caduceus,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit, most wondrously endu'd,
No poppy-water half so good;
For, let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.
Now to apply, begin we then:
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike they both conduce to sleep.
This difference only: as the god
Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.
And here my simile almost tript;
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which our scribbling bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he.
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

Logicians have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind:
Reason, they say, belongs to man;
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boasted lord of nature,
Is both a weak and erring creature;
That instinct is a surer guide,
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who's in or out at court.
They never to the levee go,
To treat as dearest friend a foe:
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place:
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.

Fraught

Fraught with invective they ne'er go,
To folks at Paternoster-row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets, or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellow leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape;
Like man he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state:
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators:
At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their masters' manners still contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes, can act.
Thus at the court, both great and small,
Behave alike, for all ape all.

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;

There,

There, in a lonely room, from bailiff's snug,
The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
A window patch'd with paper lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay.
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread,
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave prince William show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board:
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Trot was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
'Ant please you,' quoth John, 'I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be sav'd, without thinking on asses.'

Edinburgh, 1753.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

THE

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS,

IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make,
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair-one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em.
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or-rose bud more in fashion;
Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion:

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE,

A TRAGEDY.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore;
When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;

While

While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading:
Yet, ere he lands, has order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:
[*Upper gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I've seen 'em—
[*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size, and billing turtles in 'em—
[*Balconies.*
Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground:
[*Tasting them.*
The inhabitants are cannibals, I fear:
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O, there the people are—best keep my distance;
Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;
Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid her,
His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure; lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promises so ample?
—I'd best step back, and order up a sample.

A PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY

THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

Preserved by Macrobius. *

What! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half-alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside.
Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift, I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine:
Him I obey, whom heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
'The old buffoon' will fit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

* This translation was first printed in one of our author's earliest works, 'The Present State of Learning in Europe,' 12mo. 1759.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY

MR. LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense;
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a piebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.
[*Takes off his mask.*
Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns, thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities;
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage;
Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off, off, vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme
'Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—'twas
but a dream.'
Aye 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating:
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.

'Twas

'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
'The deuce confound,' he cries, 'these drum-stick shanks,
They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:
They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head,—yes, yes, I have a head.
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion now.'
Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew,
Hoicks! hark forward! came thund'ring from behind;
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind;
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze,
At length his silly head so priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[*Taking a jump through the stage door.*

EPILOGUE

TO THE

COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

WHAT! five long acts—and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress, sure, has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain of thinking.

Epilogue to the Comedy of the Sisters.

Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how?—ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*]—I've got my cue:
The world's a masquerade; the masquers, you, you, you.
[*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fatten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is, to seem every thing but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, Dam'me! who's afraid?
[*Mimicking.*
Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestridesa broom.
Yon patriot too, who presses on your sight,
And seems, to every gazer, all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and, whip—the man is black!

Yon

Yon critic too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone.
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY

SONG.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way:
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF 'SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.' *

Ah me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.

* 'Sir, I send you a small production of the late Dr. Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle in his admirable comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' but it was left out, as Mrs. Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called 'The Humours of Balamagairy,' to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words: but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them, about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand-writing, with an affectionate care. JAMES BOSWELL.'

He,

He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally and combat the ruiner;
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

SONG.

O MEMORY, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain!

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

AN ELEGY

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;

And

And never follow'd wicked ways,—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumber'd in her pew,
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her,—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all:
The doctors found when she was dead,—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent-street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day.

EPITAPH

ON

EDWARD PURDON.*

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot-soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's Henriade.

EPITAPH

ON

DR. PARNELL.

This tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

THE END.

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Goldsmith, Oliver
Select works of Oliver
Goldsmith

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